

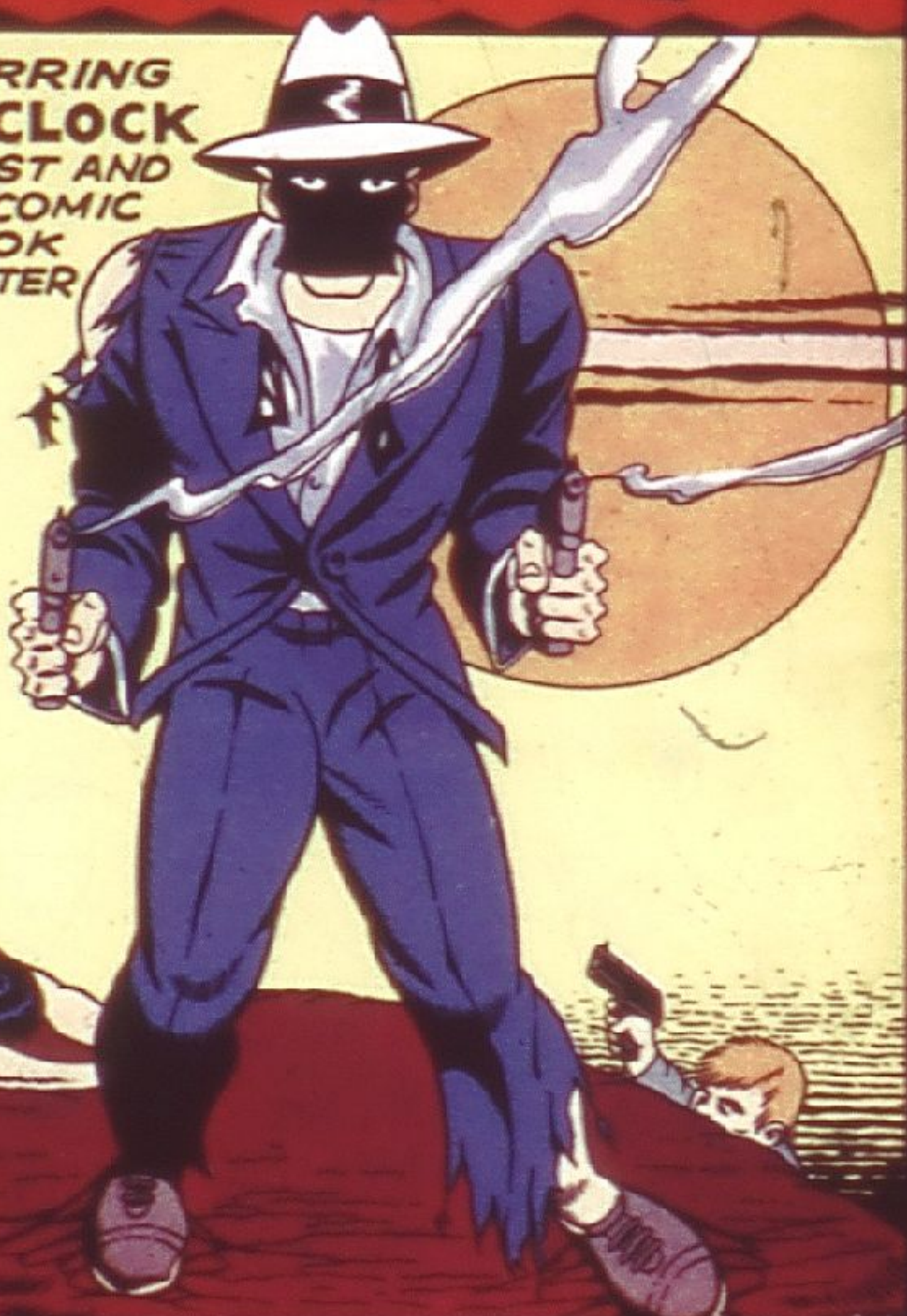
OCTOBER

NO. 17

10c

# CRACK COMICS

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# THE BLACK CONDOR



A FLYING ENEMY  
OF ALL EVIL,  
THE BLACK CONDOR  
ALSO DOUBLES FOR  
A MURDERED SENATOR  
TOM WRIGHT... THIS  
IMPERSONATION IS  
KNOWN TO ONLY DR.  
FOSTER, FATHER OF  
WENDY, THE DEAD  
SENATOR'S FIANCEE.





THE BLACK CONDOR, NOW AS SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, DELIVERS A FIERY SPEECH TO HIS COLLEAGUES....

...AND PASSAGE OF THIS BILL WOULD CREATE TROUBLE ON EVERY INDIAN RESERVATION!



IN THE FOSTER STUDY... WENDY AND HER FATHER LISTEN TO THE SPEECH IN GRAVE REFLECTION....

...AND GENTLEMEN, I'LL FIGHT THIS BILL TO THE LAST DITCH!

DEAR TOM... I KNOW HE'LL PROTECT THOSE POOR INDIANS...



NEWSPAPER MEN BESEGE TOM OUTSIDE THE CAPITOL...

HOLD IT, SENATOR

WILL YOU LOCK THE INDIAN BILL, SIR?



YOU MAY QUOTE ME ON THIS... I'LL DEFEAT IT IF IT'S HUMANLY POSSIBLE!!



SOON AFTER... TOM ENTERS HIS APARTMENT... THE PHONE RINGS....



BUT AS HE ANSWERS IT....

HELLO... YES... OH, HELLO, WENDY... ULP...

YEAH... HELLO!



SAY... WHAT IS THIS? WHO...??

EASY! TH' BOSS SAID NOT T' CROAK YA!



WRIGHT CRASHES THROUGH A WINDOW

AND I GUESS YOUR BOSS IS JASPAR CROW!



HE'S A GONER... IT'S A TEN STORY DROP!

WELL... SAVES US A LOTTA TROUBLE!





BUT, AS HE DROPS, THE MILD SENATOR BECOMES THE BLACK CONDOR!



I'LL LET 'EM THINK I KILLED MYSELF!

THERE ARE 400,000 INDIANS AT TEN BUCKS A HEAD, GRAVY, EH?

WE GET IT, BOSS!



HE SOARS OVER NIGHT-SHROUDED WASHINGTON



TWENTY FOUR HOURS LATER, IN THE FOSTER HOME...

WENDY, THAT INDIAN TAX BILL PASSED WITHOUT A DISSENTING VOTE... I WONDER WHY TOM...



MEANWHILE... JASPAR CROW, CROOKED POLITICIAN AND AUTHOR OF THE INDIAN TAX BILL, INSTRUCTS HIS WIRELINGS...

YOU'LL GO TO THE INDIANS AND COLLECT \$10 A HEAD FROM THEM.

AN' BEAT TH' GOVERNMENT.



AMOUNTS TO FOUR MILLION DOLLARS!! EH, JASPAR?



WHO?? W. WHAT??!!

PICKING THE INDIANS' POCKETS, EH?



CROW WILDLY DASHES OUTSIDE TO A CAR...

IT WON'T WORK, CROW!!

RANKIN!! QUICK... GET GOING!



THE CAR ROARS AWAY... BUT...



YOU WON'T ESCAPE YOUR CONSCIENCE, CROW!





AS CROW CRINGES INSIDE THE CAR....

TH...TH...BLACK CONDOR!!

WHILE RESIDENT OFFICIALS AT A LARGE INDIAN RESERVATION VIEW THE TAX BILL...  
IS SERIOUS....

IT'S SILLY! THE INDIANS WON'T FORK OVER \$10 A HEAD!

THEY'LL FIGHT FIRST!

TRIBAL CHIEFS GATHER IN A COUNCIL TO DISCUSS THE NEW TAX BILL....

WHITE MEN IN WASHINGTON MAKE MISTAKE!

BAD ENOUGH THAT THEY STEAL OUR LANDS!

BUT, FLEETHAWK...IT IS A LAW...IT'S MY DUTY TO....

YOU TELL WHITE BOSSES WE NO PAY!!

SEMI-MODERN YOUNG INDIAN MEN AIR THEIR VIEWS...

NO...I AGREE...THE TAX IS NOT FAIR!

GRAFTERS MUST BE BEHIND THIS!

AT A LONELY SPOT JASPAR CROW INSTRUCTS HIS MEN, WHO WEAR FOREST RANGERS UNIFORMS...

WE'LL GET STARTED WITH YOUR COLLECTING!

OKAY

THESE INDIAN AGENTS ARE A CHANCE TO SET UP INDIAN WARPS FOR THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

REFUSE TO PAY...THESE AMERICANS ALWAYS CHEATED YOU...STRIKE BACK!!

YES, THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE TO GET EVEN!

MAYBE YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH!





WHITE MAN...  
DIE!!!

SO WITH ARMS SUPPLIED THEM  
BY THE FOREIGN SPIES, THE  
INCITED INDIANS MADLY GO ON  
THE WARRATH. BURNING, KILL-  
ING AND  
WRECKING...

N..NO!!  
Noooo!!  
DON'T!

THE REIGN OF TERROR  
SPREADS TO EVERY  
RESERVATION...



IN HIS  
APARTMENT  
THE CONDOR-  
SENATOR SHEDS HIS  
OUTER CLOTHES...

THIS UPRISING  
SEEMS LIKE A  
JASPAR CROW  
JOB



OR MAYBE  
SOME OTHER  
GENIUS BEAT  
CROW TO  
THE PUNCH!



AND THE FOREIGN  
AGENTS KEEP ALIVE  
THE SPIRIT OF HATE...

ALL OVER  
THE INDIANS  
ARE WINNING!  
KILL OFF  
THE WHITES!



YES...  
EVERY  
BRAVE MUST  
BE CALLED  
OUT. OUR  
HOUR OF  
REVENGE  
IS  
HERE!



BUT A TALL BRONZED  
MYSTERIOUS FIGURE STEPS  
OUT NEAR THE FIRE...

NO, MEN!! THAT MAN LIES!  
YOU CAN'T  
WIN!  
SOLDIERS  
ARE...



THE INDIANS STARE IN MUTE AMAZEMENT AT THE STRANGE SPEAKER... HE IS THE BLACK CONDOR... THE FOREIGN AGITATOR LEAPS FORWARD...

SEIZE THIS DEVIL! HE'S HERE TO DESTROY YOU!

WHO IS HE?

THE SPY IS SENT HURLING BACKWARD FROM THE CONDOR'S LIGHTNING JAW-BREAKER...

WAIT!! I'LL TELL YOU WHO I AM!!

I'LL SHOW YOU MY POWER... THE GREAT WHITE FATHER SENT ME TO TELL YOU THAT YOU ARE WRONG!!

THE STRANGER POINTS A BLACK RAY PISTOL AT A TREE-TOP... IT BURSTS INTO FLAME...

SEE!!! THE GREAT WHITE FATHER'S POWER... I CAN KILL YOU ALL WITH IT!!!

HE'S A GREAT MEDICINE MAN!

MAYBE WE SHOULD OBEY HIM!

TIED TO A TREE IS AN INDIAN YOUTH... HE HUMBLER TO THE CONDOR...

PSSST!!... CUT ME LOOSE!!

WHEN THESE ROPES FALL, JUST GRAB HOLD OF ME!

THE GROGGY SPY IS FIRST TO YELL AT WHAT NEXT TAKES PLACE...

MEN!! LOOK!! HE'S TAKING YOUR PRISONER!! H... HE'S FLYING!!!

AND WITH THE QUAKING INDIAN YOUTH THE BLACK CONDOR IS UP IN THE AIR... ARROWS MISS HIM ON ALL SIDES...

I KNEW THEY WERE WRONG TO LISTEN TO THAT FOREIGN MAN... I TRIED TO STOP THEM... THEY GOT MAD.

WHY DO THEY TIE YOU UP DOWN THERE?



THE CONDOR AND HIS PASS-  
ENGER LAND ON A HILLTOP.

YOUR INDIAN  
PEOPLE ARE TOO  
INFLAMED TO STOP  
NOW...THEY'RE  
WAR-MAD!

YES...  
THEY'RE  
BLOWING  
UP THE  
COLVILLE  
DAM TONIGHT.



WARNED BY THE CONDOR,  
THE GOVERNOR CALLS OUT THE  
NATIONAL GUARD.

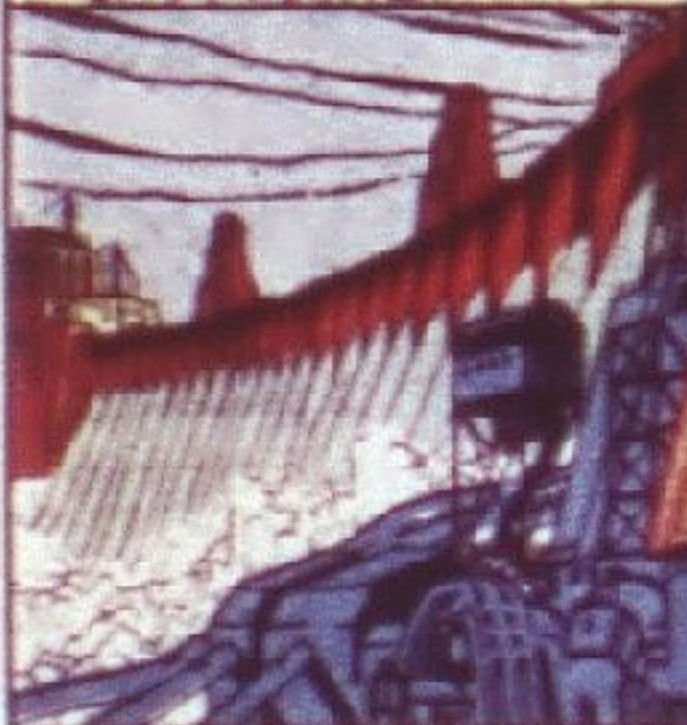
CAPTAIN CATO...  
GET EVERY MAN  
OUT TO COLVILLE



A LONG LINE OF INDIANS RIDE  
SINGLE-FILE THROUGH THE NIGHT.



TWO OF THEM DISMOUNT NEAR  
THE BASE OF THE GREAT DAM.  
ONE CARRIES A SMALL KEEB  
OF DYNAMITE....



LIGHT  
FUSE—  
THEN  
RUN  
LIKE  
DEER!



NOW WE GO  
AND BLOW UP  
SANTA FE  
STATION!

AS MOUNTED NATIONAL  
GUARDSMEN APPROACH THE  
DAM.....

WE'RE TOO LATE...THE  
INDIANS ARE RIDING  
AWAY...THEY'VE SET  
THE EXPLOSIVE!!



BUT OUT OF THE SKY AND  
TOWARD THE DAM FLIES  
THE BLACK CONDOR



MEN!!  
LOOK!!



SECONDS LATER HE AGAIN  
SOARS SKYWARD...WITH THE KEES



GO BACK TO YOUR MONIES!!  
WHITE FATHER  
COMMANDS  
IT!

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

THE GUARDSMEN WATCH THE  
FLEEING INDIANS...

THE FIRE FROM THE SKY  
SCARED 'EM STIFF...  
LOOK AT THEM GO!!

A close-up of a man wearing a brown cowboy hat and a plaid shirt. He is looking upwards with a concerned expression. A bright, yellow, circular light source is visible in the dark blue sky above him.

THE CONDOR SPOTS A PLANE AHEAD...

THAT PLANE IS GOING TO TAKE YOU TO PRISON, PAL!

AL NOOPE!!

*[Illegible text]*

MEANWHILE...

THAT SPEEDING CAR! BET IT'S THE FOREIGN AGENT MAKING HIS GETAWAY!



THAT SPEEDING CAR! BET IT'S THE FOREIGN AGENT MAKING HIS GETAWAY!

THAT SPEEDING CAR? BET IT'S THE FOREIGN AGENT MAKING HIS GETAWAY!





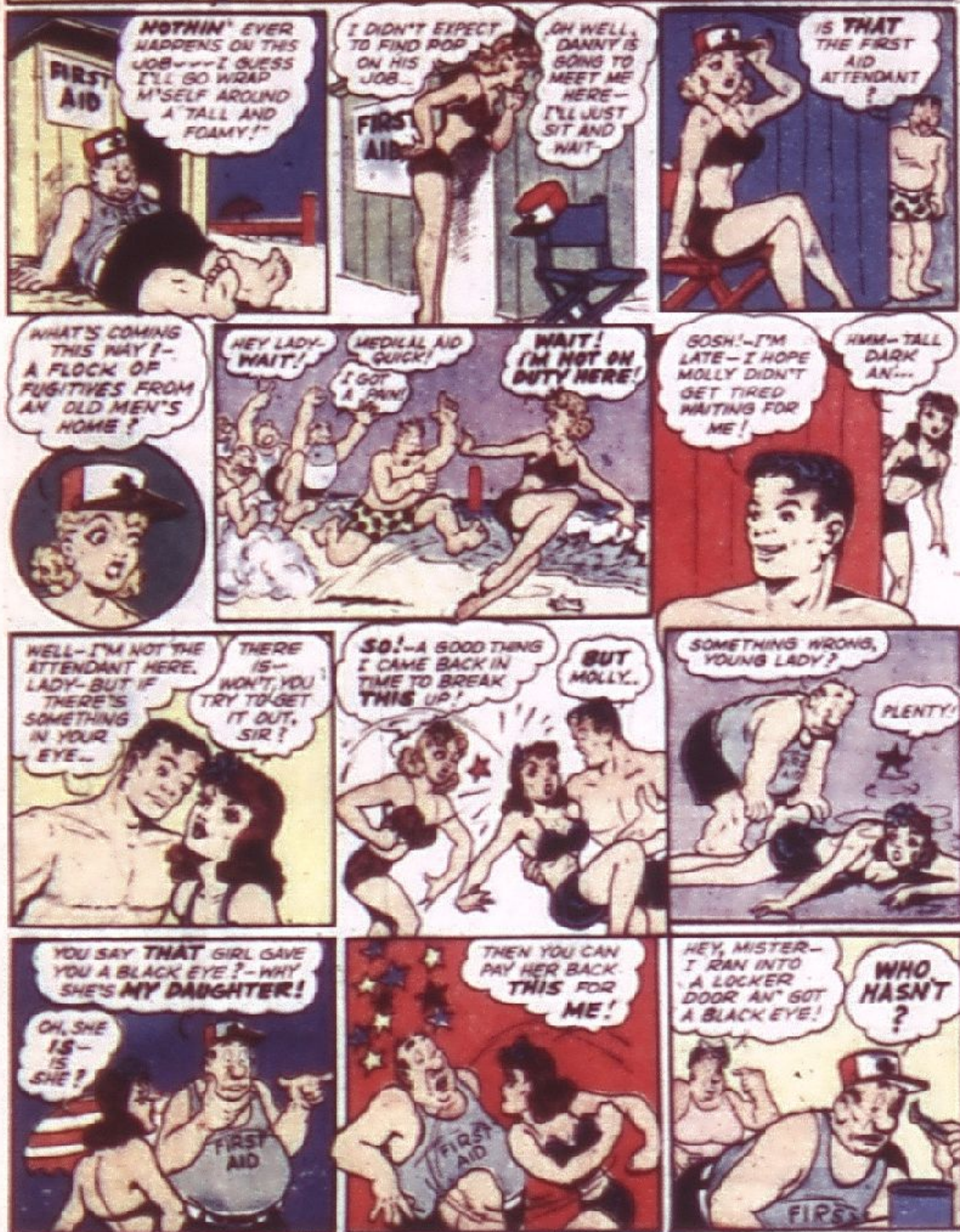


# Molly the Model





# Molly the Model



NOTHIN' EVER HAPPENS ON THIS JOB—I GUESS I'LL GO WRAP MYSELF AROUND A TALL AND FOAMY!

I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND POP ON HIS JOB...

OH WELL, DANNY IS GOING TO MEET ME HERE—I'LL JUST SIT AND WAIT.

IS THAT THE FIRST AID ATTENDANT?

WHAT'S COMING THIS WAY?—A FLOCK OF FUGITIVES FROM AN OLD MEN'S HOME?

HEY LADY—WAIT!

MEDICAL AID QUICK!

WAIT! I'M NOT ON DUTY HERE!

GOSH!—I'M LATE—I HOPE MOLLY DIDN'T GET TIRED WAITING FOR ME!

HMM—TALL DARK AN...

WELL—I'M NOT THE ATTENDANT HERE, LADY—BUT IF THERE'S SOMETHING IN YOUR EYE...

THERE IS—WON'T YOU TRY TO GET IT OUT, SIR?

SO!—A GOOD THING I CAME BACK IN TIME TO BREAK THIS UP!

BUT MOLLY...

SOMETHING WRONG, YOUNG LADY?

PLENTY!

YOU SAY THAT GIRL GAVE YOU A BLACK EYE?—WHY SHE'S MY DAUGHTER!

OH, SHE IS—IS SHE?

THEN YOU CAN PAY HER BACK THIS FOR ME!

HEY, MISTER—I RAN INTO A LOCKER DOOR AN' GOT A BLACK EYE!

WHO HASN'T?



# TOR

## THE MAGIC MASTER

BY FRED GUARDNEER

**T**IM SLADE, ROYAL PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER, IS SECRETLY TOR, THE MAGIC MASTER. AT THE MOMENT HE IS TAKING PICTURES OF ALLIGATORS AND WILD LIFE IN THE OKEFENOKEE SWAMP OF SOUTHERN GEORGIA.

THIS WILL MAKE  
A SWELL SHOT FOR  
THE BOSS'S NATURE  
COLLECTION!



SUDDENLY OVERHEAD A MYSTERIOUS SEAPLANE APPEARS...



AND GLIDES TO A LANDING ABOUT A MILE AWAY.



HE'S LAND-  
ING OVER BACK OF  
THAT ISLAND!

I DON'T LIKE THIS.  
THERE'S SOME-  
THING SUSPICIOUS  
ABOUT THAT PLANE.  
I'M GOING TO HAVE  
A LOOK!





IN THE SHADOW OF A BIG CYPRESS TREE JIM QUICKLY BECOMES TOR

I'D BETTER BE PREPARED TO PIT MY MAGIC AGAINST ANY TROUBLE!



CAUTIOUSLY TOR MAKES HIS WAY OVER THE MARSHY ISLAND.

THERE'S THE PLANE!



GEE - QUITE A LAYOUT... I'LL SNAP A PICTURE!



QUIETLY HE PEEKS IN THE WINDOW.

THE PILOT AND A STRANGE WOMAN!



INSIDE THE CABIN.

HAVE YOU GOT THE PLANS FOR THAT BOMB SIGHT?

JA, FRITZ, HERE THEY ARE - AND NOBODY SAW ME ROW OUT TO MEET YOU HERE!



GOOD WORK, KAREN WE'LL FLY THESE TO OUR ARMED RAIDER HIDING JUST OFF SHORE!



IMMEDIATELY THE MAGICIAN RUNS TOWARD THE PLANE.

I'LL HIDE ABOARD - I'D LIKE TO GET A LOOK AT THAT RAIDER, BUT FIRST -



I TSUM EMOCEB A ELTTIL NAM!



AND TOR CHANGES HIMSELF INTO A LITTLE REPLICA OF HIMSELF!

I'LL RIDE HERE ON THE PONTOON!





A FEW MINUTES LATER THE SEAPLANE RISES ABOVE THE SWAMP.



HEADING OUT TO SEA THE PLANE FLIES TO A SHIP WAITING FAR BELOW.



THE PLANE LANDS ALONGSIDE THE BOAT...



IT IS SOON HOISTED ON DECK.



AS THE PLANE IS MADE FAST, TOR SCURRIES ALONG THE DECK OF THE NOW MOVING SHIP.



AS HE DUCKS OUT OF SIGHT ONE OF THE SAILORS SEES HIM!



I TELL YOU I SAW A LITTLE MAN RUN OUT OF THAT PLANE!

GO ON, HANS—YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING AGAIN!



TINY TOR STEALS INTO THE EMPTY WHEELHOUSE!



AS ITS RUDDER IS TURNED THE SHIP LURCHES!





TOR QUICKLY GESTURES AT  
THE WHEEL -

EZEERF  
TSAF, O GNIREETS  
LEEHW!



OBEYING THE MAGICIAN'S  
COMMAND THE WHEEL  
REMAINS RIGIDLY IN PLACE

WE CAN'T BUDGE  
IT - THE RUDDER  
MUST BE STUCK!



DESPITE THE EFFORTS OF THE  
CREW, THE COMMERCE RAIDER  
TURNS ONLY IN DIZZY CIRCLES!



THAT LITTLE  
MAN - THERE  
HE GOES UP THE  
RIGGING!



HIGH UP IN THE  
"CROW'S NEST" TOR  
SNAPS PICTURES OF  
THE BEPUDDLED CREW!



RESUMING HIS NORMAL  
SHAPE HE GESTURES  
AT THE MAST!

WORG GNOL DNA  
DNEB REVO EHT  
AES!



AT TOR'S COMMAND THE  
MAST BEGINS TO GROW...  
AND BEND!



THE TURNING SHIP SENDS  
THE MAST IN EVER WIDENING  
CIRCLES...



UNTIL IT CARRIES TOR FAR  
OVER THE HORIZON NEAR  
A COASTAL SUN ON SHORE!





AS HE SWINGS OVER THE GUN HE JUMPS FROM THE MAST...

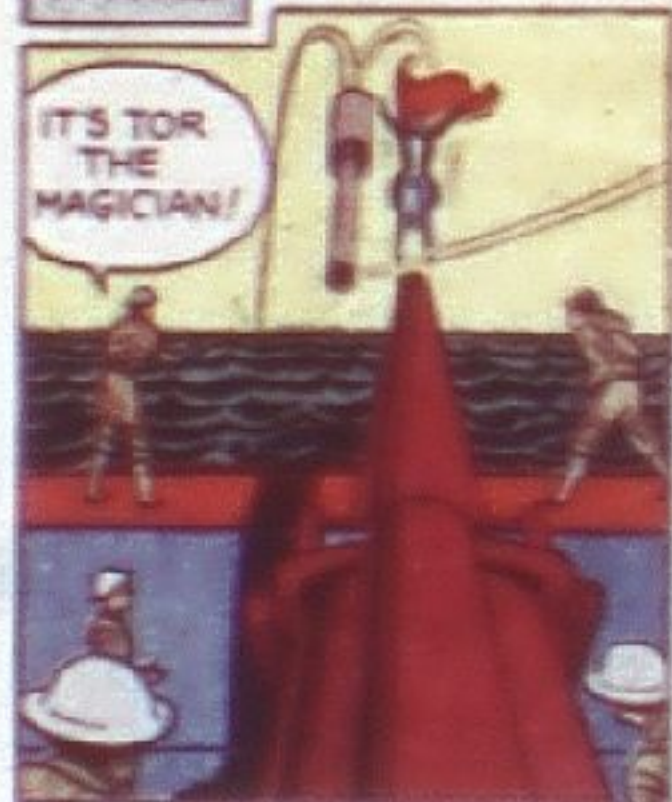
HE LANDS ON THE BIG GUN!

AT WHAT?

AT A NAZI RAIDER OUT THERE...WITH STOLEN BOMBSIGHT PLANS!

IT'S TOR THE MAGICIAN!

GET READY TO FIRE!



I SEE IT / RANGE 20 MILES EAST!

RAPIDLY THE BIG CANNON IS AIMED AND A GIANT SHELL LOADED INTO THE BREECH!

RIGHT AT THE WATERLINE THE EXPLOSIVE HITS!



WITH A TERRIFIC CRASH THE GUN SLAMS A SHELL OUT TO SEA AT ITS CIRCLING TARGET!

WHAM!



IMMEDIATELY TOR SPEEDS OUT IN A RESCUE BOAT AND PHOTOGRAPHS THE SINKING RAIDER

LATER TOR, NOW JIM SLADE, REPORTS BACK TO HIS NEWSPAPER OFFICE

THERE SHE GOES!

CHIEF, HOW DID YOU LIKE THOSE SHOTS I SENT IN?

SWELL! I CAN SEE HOW YOU'D GET ALLIGATOR SHOTS...BUT HOW THE DEUCE DID YOU SNAP THAT RAIDER THAT WAS DISCOVERED BY TOR THE MAGICIAN?



Tor Magic Master, appears again in the November issue of CRACK COMICS



THE

# SPACE LEGION

AND THE  
MAN WITH  
THE  
TERRIBLE MACHINE



A VEHICLE RACES MADLY OVER THE  
RAMPS OF THE MODERN CITY OF  
COSMO. IT BEGINS TO SWERVE...



A  
CROWD  
QUICKLY  
GATHERS.

STEP BACK! STEP  
BACK. CAN'T YA  
SEE HE'S HURLING  
TM AIR!!

S. SOMETHING  
TERRIBLE IS...  
GOING TO HAPPEN.  
STOP MAN WITH  
DEATH MACHINE!  
NO ONE SAFE.  
GET... GASP!





AS THE FRENZIED VICTIM GASPS AWAY HIS LIFE A HUGE APPARITION SEEMS TO HOVER ABOVE, LAUGHING



HA-HA HA  
HA HA  
HA HA

DONE FOR...  
HE MUST'VE  
BEEN CRAZY!

COMMANDER RAY CROSBY OF THE SPACE LEGION RECEIVES THE OFFICER'S REPORT



SO A CRANK WITH  
SOME KIND OF DEATH  
MACHINE IS TRYING  
TO FRIGHTEN US.  
WHO IS IT??

A VOICE BOOMS FROM A DARK CORNER....



IT IS I,  
COMMANDER  
CROSBY!

HOW DID YOU  
GET IN HERE??  
WHO ARE YOU??



EXCUSE MY MASK....  
MY...ER...FACE ISN'T PRETTY.  
EATEN AWAY WITH ACIDS  
...I'M JUST THE MAN  
WITH THE TERRIBLE  
MACHINE!!!



SEE HERE, YOU  
CAN'T FRIGHTEN  
ME! I'LL HAVE  
YOU KNOW...

SILENCE!  
BROADCAST  
TO THE WORLD  
THAT IT HAS  
24 HOURS  
TO LIVE!!



AT THAT MOMENT CROSBY'S RIGHT-HAND MAN, ROCK BRADDOCK, ENTERS....

HELLO, RAY,  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON, A MASQUERADE?

HE'S A  
WADMAN, ROCK  
...STOP HIM!!



THE MASKED MAN LUNGES TOWARD THE WINDOW, BUT DOESN'T GET FAR.

GOING  
SOMEPLACE  
??



NOW MAYBE  
YOU CAN  
EXPLAIN  
TO THE CHIEF!

FOOLE, DO  
YOU THINK I  
WALKED IN HERE  
TO GIVE MYSELF  
UP?







NOW FOR...!?  
HE'S GONE... SLIPPED  
AWAY DURING THE  
FIGHT!!

NIGHT FALLS ON THE CITY OF COSMO  
AND THE SPACE LEBRON CONTINUES ITS  
RELENTLESS SEARCH...

AT THE SAME TIME A VOICE ISSUES  
FROM A HIDDEN LAIR IN  
A WORLD-WIDE BROADCAST...

PEOPLE OF EARTH, YOU HAVEN'T  
LONG TO LIVE, FOR SOON I AM  
GOING TO DESTROY THAT PLANET!  
I WILL STOP YOUR CEASELESS  
STRIFE AND WARS. ALL MANKIND  
SHALL PERISH FOREVER!!

ROCK  
BRADDOON  
IS EVER  
ALERT.

I'VE GOT  
TO FIND HIM,  
I'VE GOT TO!

THE FRIGHTFUL NEWS SPREADS  
PANIC OVER THE WORLD...  
GREAT ANXIETY...  
SUICIDES MOUNT!!

EASY, ROCK.  
YOU DIDN'T  
FAIL YET, WHO'S  
THIS??

PUFF, PUFF. I  
AM DR. DRAM...  
I KNOW HOW TO  
STOP THIS MADMAN  
FROM DESTROYING  
THE EARTH!!

SOUNDS QUEER... BUT  
HE MUST HAVE A POWERFUL  
ELECTRIC MACHINE SOMEWHERE  
WHICH EXPLODES THE ATOMS  
OF ALL THE ELEMENTS ON EARTH  
... BUT I CAN STOP HIM!!

THERE IS ONLY ONE ELEMENT  
THAT CAN COUNTERACT HIS  
MACHINE... THAT IS... GOLD!! I WILL NEED TONS  
OF IT TO PERFORM THIS  
MIRACLE!!

WELL,  
RIGHT NOW  
THERE CANNOT  
BE ANY THOUGHT  
OF WEALTH  
OR GREED!!

SOON FROM MOUNTS ALL OVER THE  
WORLD, GOLD IS SENT TO DR.  
DRAM'S EARTH-SAVING MACHINE...

STAND BACK,  
WHEN I PULL THIS LEVER  
THE GOLD WILL BECOME  
ATOMS AND SENT  
THROUGH THE AIR!!







# SLAP HAPPY

BY  
RALPH JOHNS

PAPPY

AM WONDER  
WHAT TROUBLE  
AM'LL GET  
INTO ON  
THIS PAGE!



THAT'S  
FOR  
ME!



ENTER THE ARMY  
YOGI CONTEST FOR  
BAREFOOT MEN.  
PRIZE \$30 A  
MONTH FOR A  
WHOLE YEAR.

YOU START THE  
YOGI CONTEST ON  
THAT NAIL WALK.  
GOOD LUCK!



THIS IS NO  
WORSE  
THAN MY  
KITCHEN  
FLOOR!

AM'LL COMING TO A BROKEN  
GLASS PATH...AM'LL PULL  
A TRICK AND COP THIS  
CONTEST EASY...\$30  
A MONTH FOR ONE  
YEAR...OH BOY!



ONE SLIP  
AND THEY'LL  
BE CALLIN'  
ME SCAR-  
FACE!

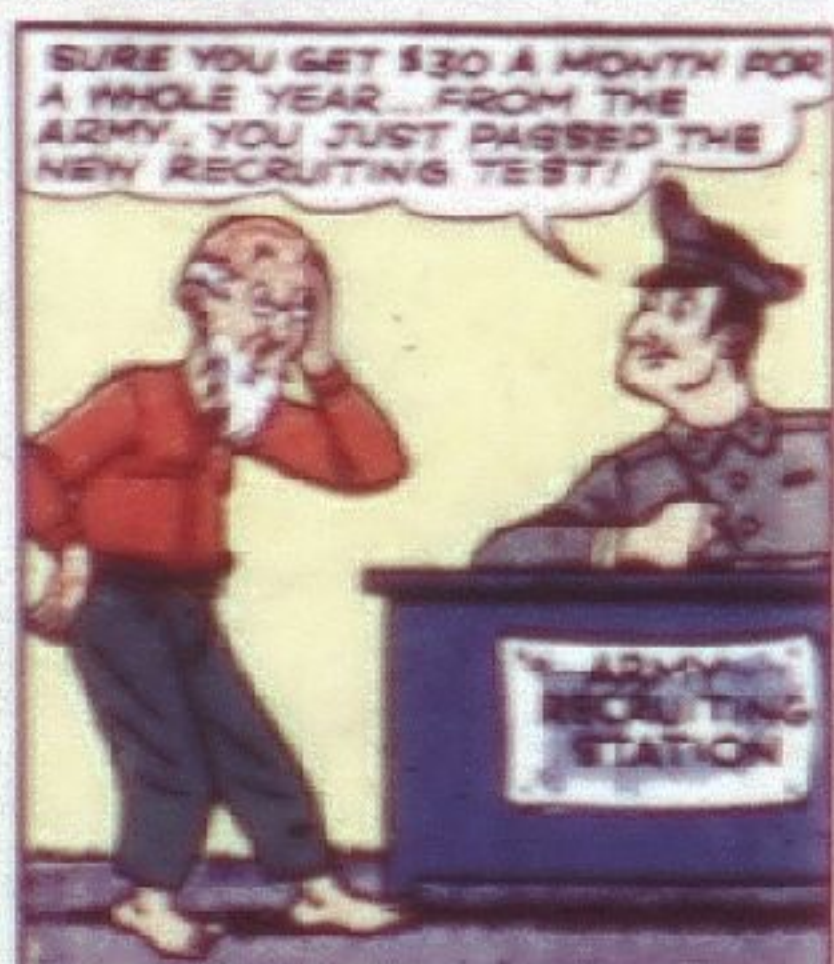


RED HOT STONES! HOT  
FOOT FLOOGIE WITH A  
FLOY DOY!



WAL, AM'LL  
FINISHED...  
WHERE'S  
MY FIRST  
\$30!

COLLECT  
FROM  
TH' GUY AT  
TH' DESK!



SURE YOU GET \$30 A MONTH FOR  
A WHOLE YEAR...FROM THE  
ARMY...YOU JUST PASSED THE  
NEW RECRUITING TEST!



# THE RED TORPEDO

vs. *The Black Shark*

BY DREW ALLEN

INVENTOR OF THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON ON LAND, SEA OR IN THE AIR, THE RED TORPEDO WAGES CONTINUOUS WAR AGAINST ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY. IN HIS LAST ADVENTURE, THE RED TORPEDO'S BITTEREST RIVAL, THE BLACK SHARK, CAPTURED THE FAMOUS CRAFT. NOW THE RED TORPEDO TRIES TO GET IT BACK.



THE RED TORPEDO PREPARES TO STORM BLACK SHARK'S HIDEAWAY IN A NAVY PLANE.

AIMING THE PLANE AT THE SHARK'S HEADQUARTERS, THE RED TORPEDO CLIMBS OUT ONTO A WING AND JUMPS.

EVERYTHING'S READY... JUST AS YOU HAD ORDERED, SIR?

GOOD. I'M ON MY WAY!





THE DEADLY PLANE PLUMMETS  
TOWARD THE ROOF OF THE  
SHARK'S STRONGHOLD...



THE SHARK'S  
MEN FIRE AT  
THE DESCENDING  
RED  
TORPEDO.



I'LL HAVE TO DO SOME  
ARTFUL DODGING TO ESCAPE  
THESE BULLETS!



BUT HIS CHUTE IS PIERCED  
IN A DOZEN PLACES...



A PALM TREE BREAKS THE  
TORPEDO'S VIOLENT DESCENT.



THE SHARK'S MEN RUSH  
TOWARD HIM...



I'M YOUR  
PRISONER,  
MEN!  
TAKE ME  
TO YOUR  
LEADER!



CURSE YOU, RED! YOU  
WRECKED MY WHOLE  
PLACE... BUT YOU'LL  
PAY FOR IT THIS  
TIME!

TAKE IT  
EASY,  
SHARK!  
TEMPER  
WILL DO  
YOU NO  
GOOD!





THE SHARK CONSULTS HIS  
TARTAR EXPERT ON TORTURE.



I'VE GOT A SPECIAL  
SUBJECT FOR YOU  
SINJ, AND I WANT  
SOMETHING  
EXTRA GOOD!

EXCELLENCY, WE COULD  
PUT HIM IN A CAGE  
WITH STARVING  
RATS... NO?  
WELL, THEN  
LET US STAKE  
HIM OUT ON  
THE BEACH  
TO FEED THE  
CANNIBAL  
CRABS!



RED IS FINALLY OVERCOME.



AND IS FASTENED DOWN  
ON THE SAND... TO AWAIT DEATH  
WHILE HIS TORMENTORS  
LOOK ON.



SOON... THE CRABS, SCENTING  
FOOD, COME FROM THE SURF.



BUT THE TIDE HAS BEEN RISING  
AND SUDDENLY A GREAT WAVE  
ENGULFS THE STRAND.



IT LOOSENS THE STAKES...  
WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT THE  
RED TORREDO PULLS FREE.



MOST A RAIL OF BULLETS,  
HE DIVES INTO THE SEA.



HE GOT  
AWAY?  
FIRE!  
FIRE!



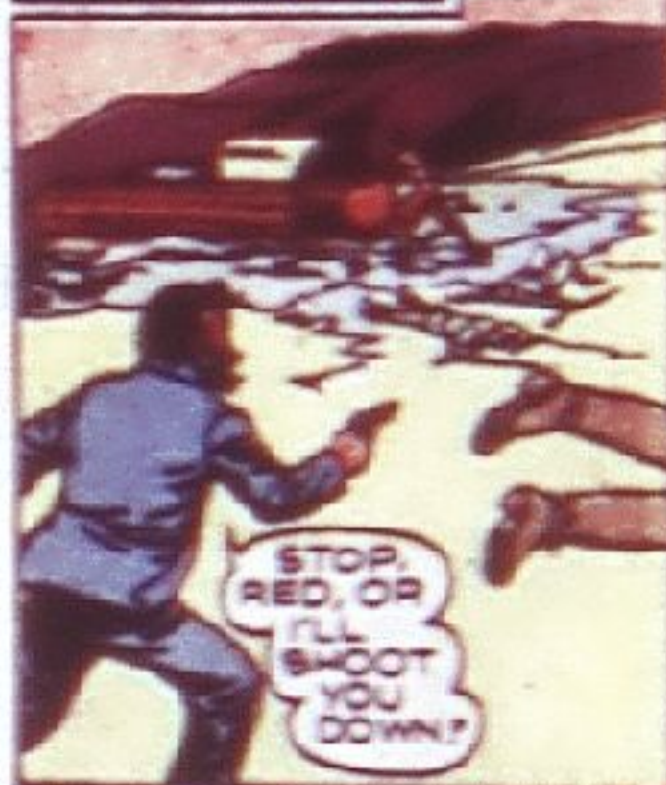
THE RED TORPEDO COMES OUT  
AT A DISTANT BEACH.



WHERE HE KNOWS HIS CRAFT  
IS MOORED.



BUT JUST AS HE PUSHES HIS  
CRAFT INTO THE SEA, THE  
SHARK APPEARS.



RED LETS THE SHARK COME  
CLOSE AND THEN...



THE TORPEDO RISES INTO THE  
AIR AND HEADS FOR HAWAII.





RED DRIVES ON, UNAWARE THAT THE BLACK SHARK HAS COME TO.



STEALTHILY, HE REACHES FOR THE RED TORPEDO'S THROAT.



BUT...



AS THEY STRUGGLE, THE HATCH BECOMES OPENED.



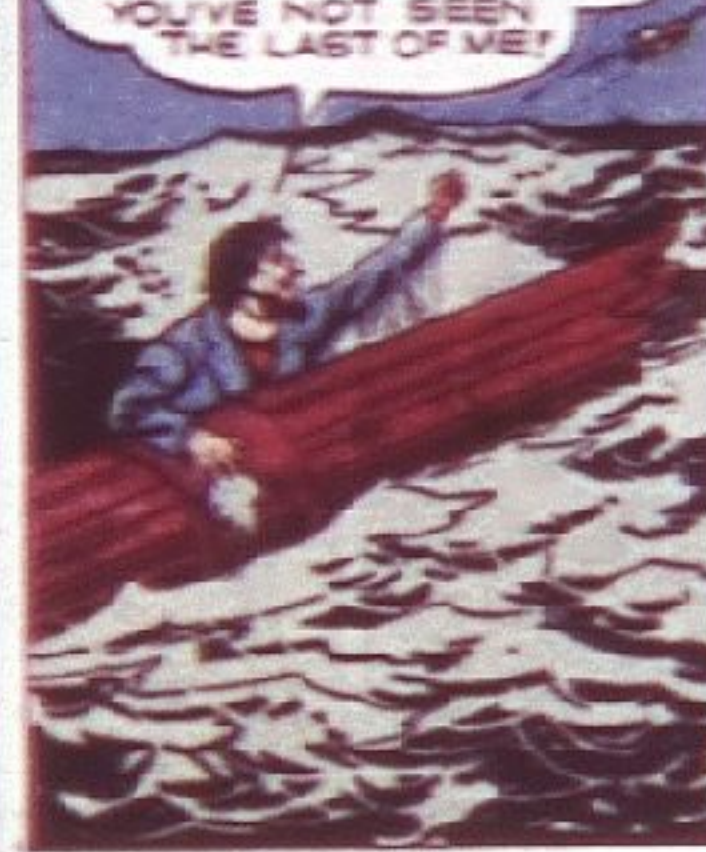
AND ONE FROM ME!



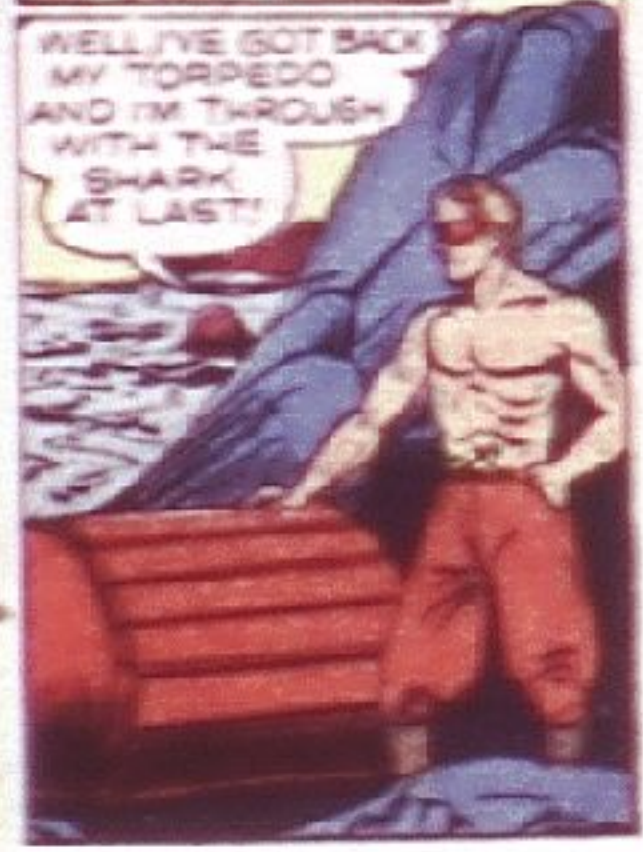
THE FORCE OF RED'S BLOW FLINGS THE SHARK OVERBOARD.



THIS SPAR COMES IN HANDY... AS FOR YOU, RED, YOU'VE NOT SEEN THE LAST OF ME!



RED BEACHES HIS CRAFT ON A SECRET ISLAND.



WELL, I'VE GOT BACK MY TORPEDO AND I'M THROUGH WITH THE SHARK AT LAST!

The Red Torpedo will thrill you in the November issue of CRACK COMICS.



# JANE ARDEN

By Helen Barrett and Russell E.

JANE IS FOLLOWING THE MAN WHO IS FOLLOWING GENERAL YOONICK.

THAT GIRL IS FOLLOWING ME!



I'LL HIDE AND LET HER PASS!



THAT'S ODD... WHERE DO HE GO?



NOW I CAN KEEP MY EYE ON BOTH OF THEM!

TRICKED! HE MUST HAVE SPOTTED ME!



I'LL STOP AND LET HIM PASS!

THIS WINDOW ACTS AS A MIRROR!

AN THE OLD STORE WINDOW TRICK... NOW I'M SURE!



WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

THE SAME AS YOURS!



I'M AFTER YOONICK. MY NUMBER IS 82 COMRADE

OH, GOT A NUMBER. WHEN? COME ALONG WITH ME!



WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO HEAD-QUARTERS. JUST TO CHECK UP ON YOU!



I'M GIVIN' DOUBLE MEASURES TODAY!

WHAT IF LENA FINDS OUT?



HOWDY FOLKS!

SAKES ALIVE!

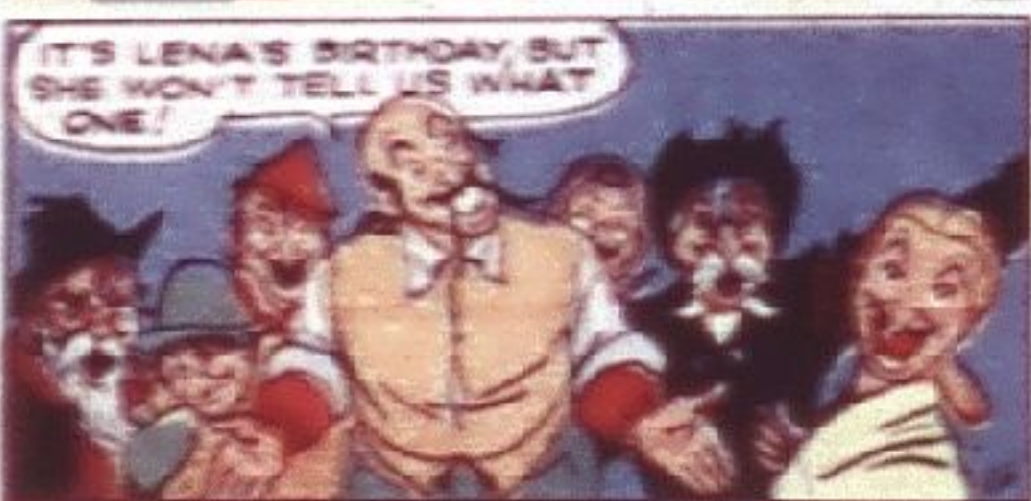


JUST DOUBLE THAT ORDER, DAN!

JUST WHAT?



DOUBLE THAT ORDER. GIVE EVERYBODY EXTRA. DON'T YA KNOW!



IT'S LENA'S BIRTHDAY, BUT SHE WON'T TELL US WHAT ONE!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



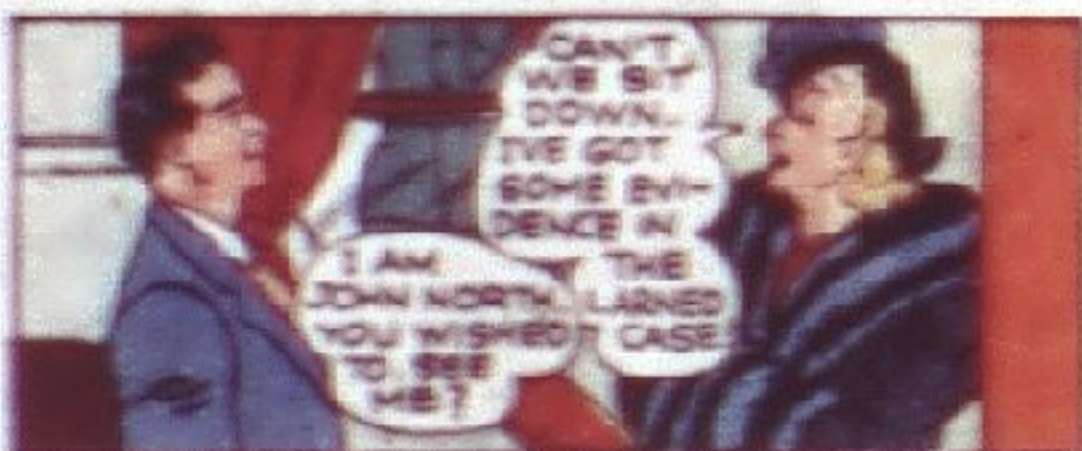














# Alias *the* SPIDER

by Paul Gustavson

YOUNG TOM HALLAWAY IN HIS ROLE OF ALIAS THE SPIDER IS ALWAYS TO BE FOUND WHERE THE FIGHT FOR JUSTICE IS THE MOST FURIOUS. WITH HIS DEADLY BOW HE HAS YET TO FEEL DEFEAT BY THE LAWLESS.

COMMUNICATION CENTERS ARE CRIPPLED. SUBWAYS AND SURFACE CARS COME TO A STOP. BATTERIES IN AUTOMOBILES ARE USELESS AND CONFUSION GRIPS THE PEOPLE

THE GLITTERING LIGHTS OF MANHATTAN SUDDENLY DIE. THE ISLAND IS IN DARKNESS

THEN... A MYSTERIOUS OPAQUE GREEN GAS SEEPS FROM SEWERS AND MAN-HOLES





I-I CAN'T BREATHE! UGH!

AMIDST THE TURMOIL, STRANGE GREEN SHAPES CLIMB FROM THE SEWERS. A HOARD OF MONSTER MEN FROM BENEATH THE EARTH'S CRUST.



THEIR WEAPONS BELCH BLAZING GREEN RAYS SWEEPING DOWN HUNDREDS AS THEY FLEE FROM ONE SAFETY TO ANOTHER.



DISASTER IS RAMPANT IN THE HIGHEST CITY OF ALL.



QUIVERING PEOPLE GATHER IN THE FEW SAFE PLACES. A FIGURE FIGHTS ALONE TRYING TO OVERCOME THE FIENDS.



IT'S TOM HALLAWAY, ALIAS, THE SPIDER!



TIME AND AGAIN HE IS PRESSED DOWN ONLY TO RISE MORE POWERFUL THAN BEFORE.



WHAT THE? ONE OF THESE THINGS IS CARRYING A GIRL DOWN INTO A SEWER!



OUT OF MY WAY, YOU FLAP-EARED BABOON!



OH! OH!





YOU MISSED, BUD... BUT I WON'T!



THE SEAL OF THE SPIDER STRIKES ITS MARK WITH DEADLY AIM!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WE'LL GO AS THE OTHERS ABOVE US HAVE GONE!



NOT YOU... YOU WERE CARRIED HERE FOR A REASON THAT'S WHY YOU'RE UNHARMED!



LOOK OUT!

BEFORE THE SPIDER CAN TURN HE IS SPRUNG UPON BY A SWARM OF THE WEIRD GREEN HOARD!



I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS... THERE ISN'T ROOM ENOUGH, UN?

HOURS LATER, THE SPIDER AWAKENS IN THE CORE OF THE EARTH!



AH, YOU ARE RECOVERING? NO?

HUH?

I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY BRINGING YOU HERE! I WAS CURIOUS TO MEET AFTER SEEING YOU IN MY TELEVISOR!

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT, BUD, AND IT'LL KILL YOU TOO!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, FOOL!





DO YOU THINK I WOULD STAY HERE IF I THOUGHT I WERE IN DANGER? LOOK...HER LIFE DEPENDS ON MINE!

WHY YOU...!

AND SO DOES EVERYONE IN NEW YORK! THEY'RE NOT DEAD FROM GAS JUST PARALYZED. I ALONE KNOW HOW TO BRING THEM OUT OF IT. IF I DIE SO DO THEY. IN 24 HOURS

OKAY GREASE! WANT? BALL, WHAT? HA HA HA! MY DO YOU SEE BOY. I HAVE IT WANTED THE WORLD AT MY FINGER TIPS. ABSOLUTE CONTROL! NO ONE'S FOOL ENOUGH TO STOP ME!

YOUR SO-CALLED DICTATORS WILL BE MICE WHEN THEY LEARN I TOOK NEW YORK IN 17 MINUTES!

MY CAVERNS CIRCLE THE EARTH! THE PRESS OF A BUTTON ON MY CONTROL BOARD WILL CAUSE THE DESTRUCTION OF EVERY CITY IN THE WORLD!

AS FOR MY WEAPONS I USE THE ELEMENT! MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY DEVICE MADE BY MAN! MY ARMY, A HUNDRED MILLION STRONG, WAITING IN TUNNELS ALL OVER THE WORLD FOR WORD TO STRIKE!

YOU SEE...MY BRAIN IS THERE! BRAIN CONTROLLED BY COSMIC RAYS AND ELECTRICAL IMPULSES! QUITE A SET UP!

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH THE GIRL AND ME? TO SEE IF I CAN PUT THE BODIES OF YOU OF THE UPPER WORLD UNDER THE CONTROL OF MY BRAIN TOO!

NOW THAT YOU KNOW HOW YOU STAND...WILL YOU STAKE MY LIFE AGAINST EVERY LIFE IN NEW YORK? HA/HA/HA!

YES!

WHAT?

YOU HEARD ME. MY BOW AGAINST YOUR GUN. NOW DRAW, YOU YELLOW-LIVERED COYOTE!



B-BUT YOU  
MATCH MY GUN  
AGAINST THAT-  
THAT TOY!  
FOOL... I  
SHOOT FASTER  
THAN ANY MAN  
IN MY WHOLE  
ARMY!

DRAW  
YOUR  
GUN  
BEFORE I  
OUT YOU  
IN TWO

THE LEADER OF  
THE GREEN  
HOARD  
FLASHES A GUN.

BUT THE SPIDER'S BOW  
STREAKS UPWARD.

A BLINDING  
GREEN FLASH  
FILLS THE  
ROOM.

YOU  
DIDN'T  
KILL  
ME?

NO, I DIDN'T  
WANT TO...  
I MATCHED  
MY LIFE, NOT  
THE LIVES OF  
THE PEOPLE  
IN NEW  
YORK!

WHAT?  
AKATCHA!  
HIYEE!

AT THE BELL-  
OWING CALL, MEN  
OF THE GREEN  
HOARD RUSH  
FROM SECRET DOORS  
AT THE SPIDER.

AND...

YOU'RE NOT  
HURT... I  
ONLY CUT  
THE GUN OUT  
OF YOUR  
HAND!

ALL RIGHT, RAT.  
START RUNNING!

YAH-HA-HA-HO-  
HO... UR MY MEN  
CAN'T HOLD HIM,  
HE'S COMING  
FOR ME!

WITH THE SPIDER  
CLOSE AT HIS HEELS  
THE LEADER OF THE  
GREEN HOARD RUNS  
FOR THE GIGANTIC  
CONTROL ROOM.





I'LL DESTROY EVERY PERSON ON EARTH NOW!



THIS ONE IS JUST TO GET YOU UP!



WHAT TH? THOSE GREEN MONSTERS ABOVE ARE ALL DROPPING WHY HIS BRAIN REALLY WAS THEIR BRAIN!



OH YEAH?



AND HERE'S THE SINKER!

NOW, REMOVE THE PARALYSIS ON THE PEOPLE IN NEW YORK OR I'LL CHOKER YOU UNTIL YOUR EYES POP OUT!



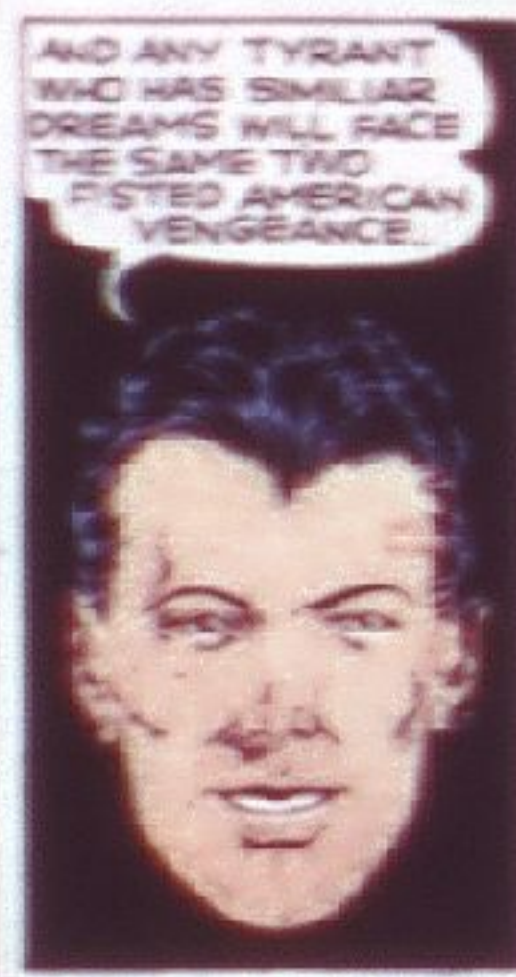
WELL, THIS IS THE SWITCH HE WAS GOING TO PULL, I HOPE...



BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, BUD... YOU'LL CRAWL AT THE FEET OF EVERY MAN ON EARTH!

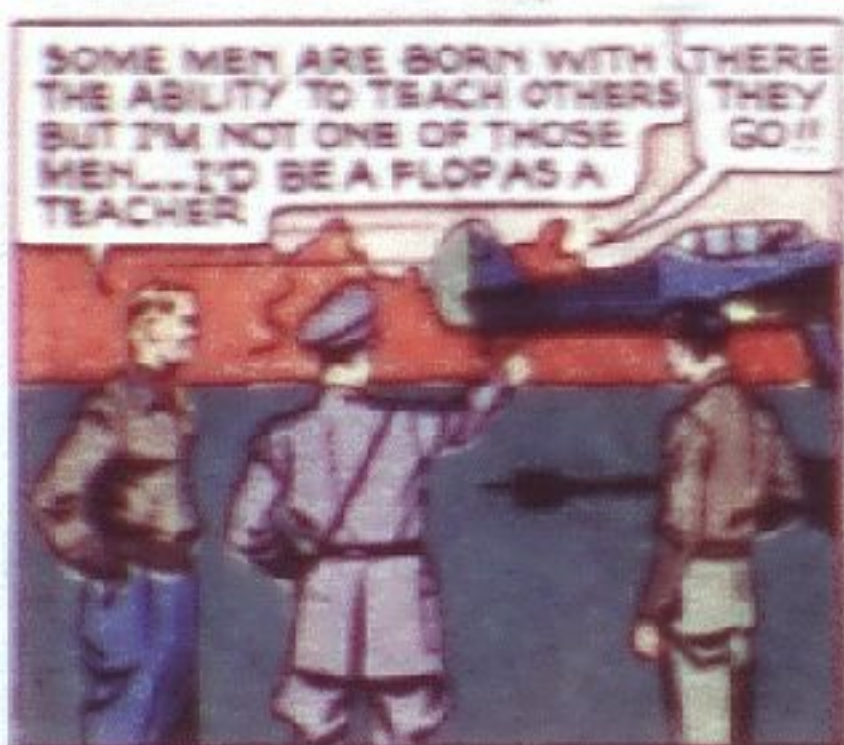
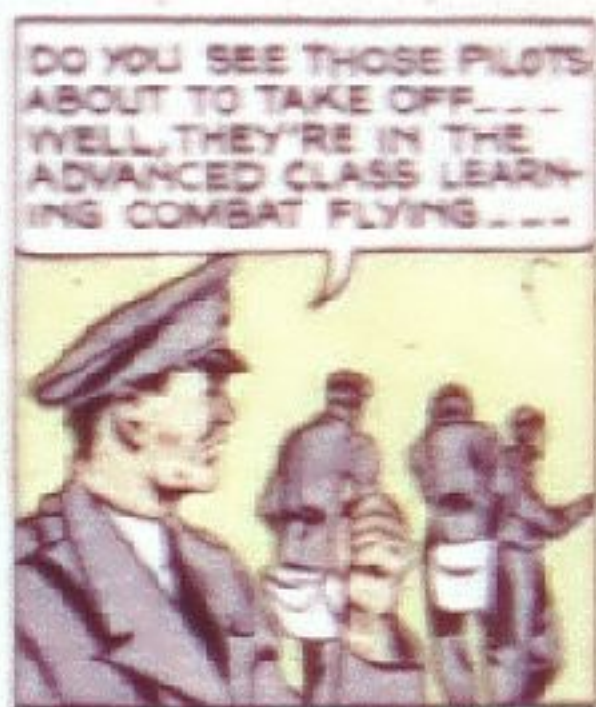


AS THE SPIDER'S ARM CLOSES TIGHTER AND TIGHTER, THE LEADER'S HAND REACHES FOR A SWITCH, THEN FLIES LIMP



AND ANY TYRANT WHO HAS SIMILAR DREAMS WILL FACE THE SAME TWO FISTED AMERICAN VENGEANCE.







THE PLANES ENGAGE EACH OTHER IN MOCK DOGFIGHTS USING CAMERAS TO RECORD THEIR HITS INSTEAD OF REAL BULLETS



SOON THE AIR ABOVE THE FIELD IS FULL OF ROARING, STUNTING TRAINING PLANES



YOU'VE GOT SOME GOOD PILOTS IN THAT BUNCH, MAJOR!!



SUBDENTLY... ONE OF THE STUNTING SHIPS WAVERS... SMOKE STREAMS BACK FROM THE FUSELAGE



ONE OF THOSE PLANES IS AFIRE...!! ORDER OUT THE CRASH WAGON... HURRY!!



REALIZING HE'S TOO LOW TO BAIL OUT, THE STUDENT LOWERS HIS WHEELS AND PREPARES TO LAND HIS BLAZING PLANE.....



THE KID'S COMING IN DOWNWIND...!! HE'LL OVERSHOOT--!!



THE STUDENT'S PLANE BOUNCES ONCE... THE NOSE COMES DOWN... A WINGTIP TOUCHES...



...AND IT'S ALL OVER...!!





THE BOY'S DEAD...  
I DREAD THESE  
ACCIDENTS, TEX

I HAVE AN  
IDEA THAT  
WASN'T JUST  
ANOTHER  
ACCIDENT,  
MAJOR!!

I NEVER HEARD OF A  
PLANE CATCHING FIRE  
BACK NEAR ITS TAIL  
BEFORE...

HOWEVER, MAJOR, IT'S  
BEST TO ORDER ALL PILOTS  
INTO THE AIR AFTER A  
CRASH LIKE THAT... IT  
KEEPS 'EM FROM LOSING  
THEIR NERVE... I'LL  
LEAD A FLIGHT MYSELF

FINE  
IDEA! I'LL  
ORDER  
THEM ALL  
UP!!



SHE'S ALL WARMED  
UP, SIR... RARIN'  
TO GO

OKAY...  
STAND  
CLEAR!

FIVE PLANES, LED BY TEX, ROAR  
ALOFT TO JOIN THE OTHERS

IF THESE KIDS SAT DOWN THERE  
AND BROODED ABOUT THEIR  
FRIEND BEING KILLED, THEY'D  
HATE THE SIGHT OF A PLANE...



...BUT HOW COULD THAT FIRE  
HAVE STARTED... IT'S A  
MYSTERY TO... WHAT-TH---  
HEY... NOW MY SHIP IS ON  
FIRE...

WHITE-HOT FLAME SPURTS  
FROM THE SPACE RIGHT  
BEHIND TEX'S SEAT...

WOV! THIS IS  
GETTIN' HOT!!



ROLLING THE DOWNED  
PLANE OVER ON ITS  
BACK, TEX HAD A GUT





AFTER  
SEEKING THAT  
FIRE, I BEGIN  
TO GET THE  
IDEA. WAIT'LL  
I GET DOWN  
ON THE  
GROUND...!!



I'LL CRACK THIS  
MYSTERY WIDE  
OPEN!



TEX!!  
YOU  
OKAY?

THIS IS TERRIBLE...  
THE SAME ACCIDENT  
HAPPENING TWICE  
WITHIN A HALF HOUR

QUICK... TAKE  
ME BACK TO  
THE FIELD!!

MAJOR... I WANT YOU TO LINE  
UP THE MEN WHO MADE UP THE  
GROUND CREW FOR MY PLANE...  
I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE...



WHAT'S UP,  
TEX?

IF THIS TRICK DOESN'T  
SHOW US WHO SABOTAGED  
THOSE PLANES, I'LL BE  
SURPRISED, CHUCK.



I STILL DON'T  
GET THIS

HERE'RE YOUR  
MEN, ADAMS...  
WHAT DO YOU  
HAVE IN MIND?



MAJOR... ONE OF  
THESE MEN IS AN  
ENEMY AGENT...!!

I'M GOING TO PLACE ONE OF  
THESE WET PIECES OF PAPER  
IN EACH MAN'S BACK POCKET...  
ONLY THE GUILTY MAN IN THIS  
LINE KNOWS WHAT WILL  
HAPPEN WHEN THESE PAPERS  
DRY OUT... IT WON'T TAKE  
VERY LONG



MYSTIFIED, THE MEN STAND  
PATIENTLY... SUDDENLY...



TAKE THAT PAPER  
OUT OF MY POCKET...  
I DON'T WANT TO  
BURN...!!

STAND BACK, ALL OF YOU...  
YOU'RE NOT TAKIN' ME YET...!!

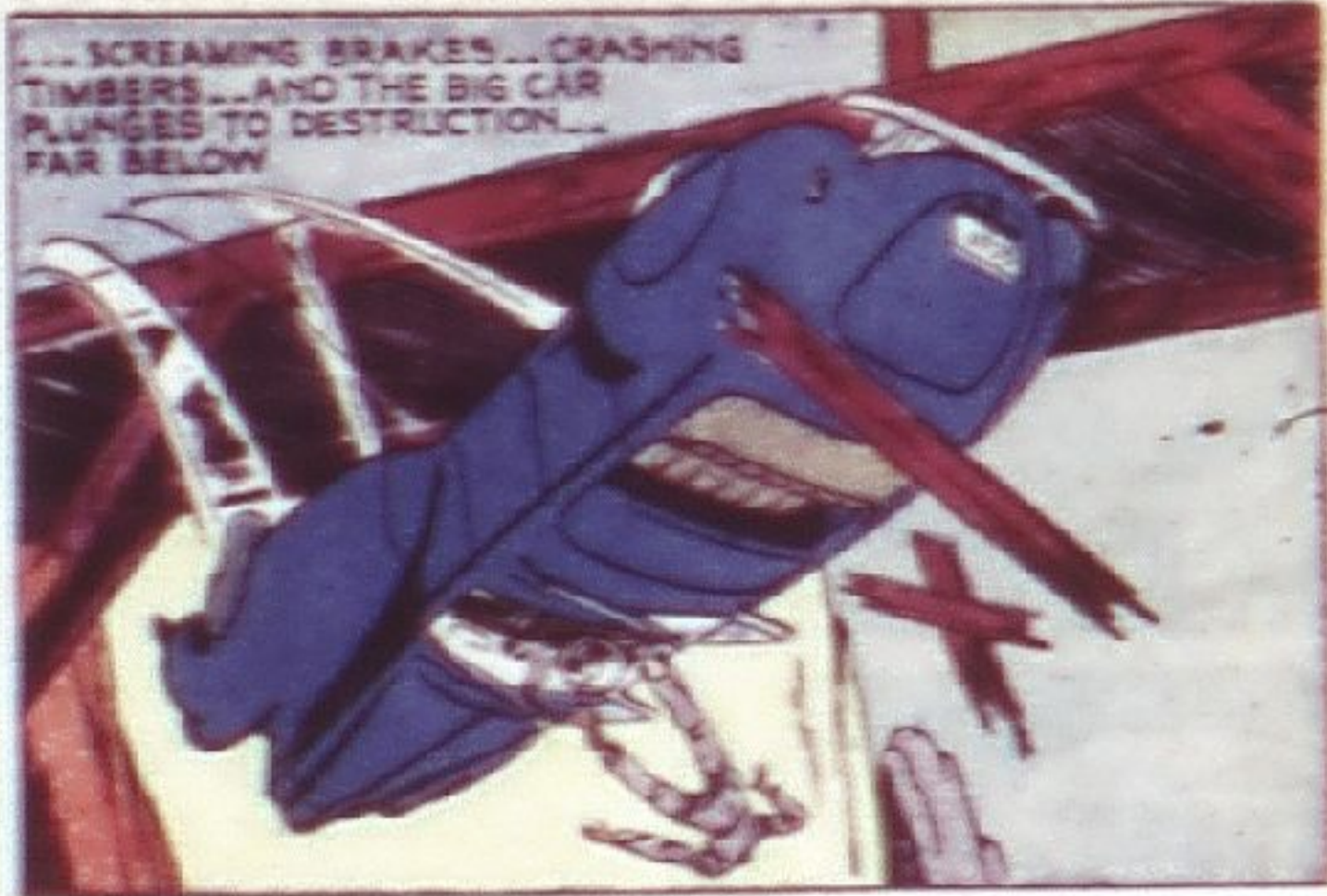


HE'S GOT A  
GUN!!











# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

Drawn by S. W. DODD

WE SHOULDN'T HAVE RENTED THIS ROOM, BOO! WITH NO MONEY TO PAY FOR IT!

NED, WE'VE GOT TO PUT UP A SHOW NEXT IF WE EXPECT THESE PEOPLE TO THINK OUR DANCE IS GOOD!

BUT THE BAND HASN'T BEEN HIRED - THERE HASN'T BEEN A DANCE HERE FOR MONTHS!

POSSIT! HERE COMES THE LANDLORD FOR SOME MONEY AGAIN!

I'LL TALK TO NEAR, BLUDGEON - I HAVE A WAY WITH THE LADIES!

I HOPE JAKE MANAGES TO RUSTLE UP SOME FOOD FOR US!

LET'S YOU AND ME DANCE, MA - THE BOYS WILL WAIT THROUGH A WALTZ!

IF YOU DON'T WALTZ DOWN TO THE DECK WITH YOUR RENT BY NIGHTFALL, OUT YOU GO!

GET YOUR THINKING CAP ON, BOO!

IT SHOULD HAVE HOLES FOR MY EARS!

HERE COMES JAKE - AND HE'S GOT A BAG OF SOMETHING!

HOW'D YOU MANAGE IT, JAKE?

I LOOK HONEST, THAT'S ALL, BUT WE'VE GOT TO PAY FOR IT TOMORROW!

THIS SOLODORA IS POSITIVELY DELICIOUS!

YOU MUST THINK YOU'RE ON THE AIR, SHEKELS - IT TASTES LIKE SMOKED SOAT COVERS!

MAIL FOR NED BRANT - LOOKS LIKE THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE!

WE'LL HAVE OUR FRIENDS WRITE ON POSTCARDS. LANDLORD, DO YOU WANT ME TO STRAIN YOUR EYES?

IT'S FROM GAIL, FELLOWS - LISTEN TO THIS - "GLAD TO HEAR YOU BOYS ARE PLAYING AT THE BEST HOTELS - AM SENDING MONEY FOR ONE SHARE OF STOCK IN YOUR BAND!"

TEN DUCKS! WHAT A DIPLOMAT - SHE HAD IT FIGURED OUT THAT WE'RE NOT EVEN EATING REGULARLY!

LEAVIN' SO SOON? YOU BOYS HERE GETTIN' TO BE JUST LIKE OUR SONS!

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE AFRAID OF!

AND HE KNOWS A LOT OF BETTER TOWNS TO STARVE IN!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DEBUTS IN 1954

WELL, I'M GLAD THE BOYS AND GIRLS AT CENTER DON'T KNOW WE'RE DOWN TO THIS

LET'S BELIEVE - I FORGET WHERE I SAID OUR SWING BAND WAS PLAYING IN MY LITTLE LETTER

HERE COMES JAKE - HE LOOKS EXCITED!

YIP-PE-EE!

GRAB THE GUY - HE'S LOST HIS - SA - MIND!

HEY - THAT'S THE LAST OF OUR ROTATORS, JAKE!

LISTEN - I'VE GOT A JOB FOR OUR BAND - WE MEET A TRAIN, PLAY FOR THE WELCOME AND GET INVITED TO A BANQUET!

JAKE, IF YOU'RE KIDDING, WE'LL DOWN YOU OR SOMETHING!

I KNOW WHERE TO GO THE COMMITTEE GAVE ME INSTRUCTIONS

PLAY YOUR BEST, REMEMBER, IT'S FOR GOOD OLD MEAT AND ROTATORS

YOU SURE THIS IS THE PLACE, JAKE?

SAY GIVE ME CREDIT FOR BEING ABLE TO UNDERSTAND A FEW SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

SURE LOOKS DESERTED, DOESN'T IT?

BETTER TAKE SLOODON'S PULSE - HE ACTS LIKE HE'S HOT!

I'M JUST PRACTICING - IT'S SO LONG SINCE HE HAD A REAL MEAL - YOU KNOW

WHAT TIME DO YOU SAY THE TRAIN IS DUE?

EXACTLY ONE-THIRTY, NED

WHY, IT'S THAT TIME NOW, GUYS!

THIS CAN'T BE THE PLACE, JAKE - WHERE'S THE WELCOMING COMMITTEE?

EVERYTHING'S OKAY, BOYS - HERE COMES THE GUY I TALKED WITH!

WHEN - HE'S EITHER AN AWFUL SOUR-RISE OR HE'S PLUNTY MAD!

A FINE LOT YOU ARE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING AT THIS OLD SHACK - HIDING? THE PARADE'S OVER!

YOU MEAN - WE DON'T GET TO EAT?

ONLY THING YOU'LL GET FOR SURE, AND THAT'S OUT OF TOWN!

DO US A FAVOR, POP - GIVE US TIME TO EAT AN OLD INNER TUBE, WE HAVE UNDER THE FRONT SEAT!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DORR

HONOR, IF JAMES  
WANTED ANY  
LUCK?

WELL, SURELY,  
THEY KNOW ABOUT IN A  
PLACE LIKE THIS ARE  
THE ONES THAT GO  
UNDER HORRIBLE  
STOMACHS

I WOULDN'T EXACTLY  
BEFORE A SQUARE MEAL—  
WOULD YOU, BOB?

NOW THAT  
YOU ASK, NEO,  
I AM GETTING  
A LITTLE TIRED  
OF STINKED  
BUTTERCUP  
PEALS

BURBKA! HOORAY! AND OTHER  
SUITABLE EXCLAMATIONS—  
I'VE FOUND A JOB  
FOR US!

GET YOUR  
MEDICAL  
INSTRUMENTS—  
BOYS—LET'S  
GO!

NOT SO FAST,  
NEO—YOU WON'T  
NEED YOUR  
ACCORDION  
FOR THIS!

THIS IS A LITTLE ROUGH, BOYS—  
BUT WE'VE GOT TO EAT—  
IT'S DIGGING A  
DITCH!

NOT ME!  
I DON'T GO TO  
COLLEGE TO LEARN  
THE PROPER SHOVEL  
HANDLE GRIP!

OKAY, FAL—BUT  
REMEMBER—YOU  
CAN'T BAY ON  
IS!

WAIT A MINUTE,  
GUYS—LET'S TALK  
THIS THING OVER!

WHERE ON THE FIVE-YARD LINE, SEE?  
IT'S FOURTH DOWN—AND ONLY 18 SECONDS  
LEFT TO PLAY—WHAT DO YOU  
THINK HAPPENED?

I CAN'T GUESS—BUT I CAN  
TELL YOU WHAT WILL  
HAPPEN IF YOU PLAY  
ANY MORE FOOTBALL  
ON THIS JOB!

CONFIDENTIALLY, SHEKES—  
WHAT DID HAPPEN?

WHA?

TO LIKE  
TO TELL YOU  
ABOUT THE  
TOUGHEST GAME  
CARTER EVER  
PLAYED—BUT  
IT'S BETTER  
GET BACK  
TO WORK—

GO AHEAD—SHOOT—  
THERE'S PLENTY OF GUYS  
TO DO THAT DITCH!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DAWN OF E. W. 1934

HEARD WHEN HE RIND OUT  
WHETHER WE'RE AS GOOD  
AS THAT SAGNO BOOYT  
SAID WE ARE

WE'LL SARE OUT ON  
THE LAKE IN A  
LOWBOAT AND  
PLAY THE SONG  
GAIL WROTE  
FOR US

RIGHT-  
KIND  
SOUND  
GREAT  
ACROSS  
WATER

NORTHMORE, NEO IF WE  
DON'T HEAR FROM THAT  
FELLOW IN A DAY OR  
TWO WE'LL GO  
ON OUR OWN

WATERSO, JAKE  
BUT HE PROMISED US  
A GREAT CHANCE  
ON THE AIR, YOU  
KNOW



Ned Brant is continued in the November issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale September 17th



# VALLEY of DOOM

by LARRY SPAIN



The man's uncanny laughter shuddered through the night. It was weirdly unhuman, mirthless. It issued from a toothless gash of mouth that should have been on a beast. Yet, Niko Hazan was human—half Moro, half white.

"Gold!" came the hissing voice. "Always you white men want gold! Gold and greed. Hate comes after gold." Niko's voice grew furious. "But you'll find no gold in the Mindanao. You'll find only death!"

The moon, brimming silver refulgence high over the pandanus, flooded Niko's bestial face, changed his eyes into coals of ice. A terrible hate glowed there. And the two white men, sitting on his veranda, experienced a shiver of horror. Niko was a dangerous man. They'd have to tread carefully.

"But there is gold, Mr. Hazan," argued Eric Vale. "We've found a rich deposit back in the hills, and as we told you before we'll give you fifty per cent of it."

Niko's derisive laugh came again. "White men never keep their promises. Besides, you will die anyway. It's better that you go now." The strange man got up, tossed away his half-burned cigar, and strode into the house without another word.

"Queer duck, what?" said Jennifer Lee, Eric's engineer, as they walked down the hill toward the native village. "Gives me the creeps to hear him laugh."

"Yeah," replied Eric. "We'll have to watch him."

Baronga Valley! A paradise on the island of Mindanao, one of the most beautiful spots in the Philippines. Eric would never forget his first glimpse of it, from

high on Mt. Magolo, with the sun hurling golden lances into the vast sublimity of it, and the huge basin reflecting the light back like facets on an emerald.

Some squat Moro natives had traded the secret of the valley for several bolts of red cloth. There was gold in Baronga! Much gold. A virgin deposit of it. Nobody knew, except a few Moros, and they wouldn't touch it. It was *tabu*. An evil god dwelt in the valley, it was said. The Moros were content to hunt in the lush jungles surrounding the Baronga, taking an occasional head on some unwary traveler.

The valley, Eric and Lee quickly discovered, was inaccessible except from a narrow cleft at the extreme north end. The rest of the great depression was walled in by towering basalt cliffs that rose more than a thousand feet. Two men could easily hold an army at bay from that cleft. The eastern top of the valley swept back in a wide mesa, cut by a mighty chasm some fifty feet across, and several hundred feet deep. There was no way to cross it. Gigantic banyan trees fringed the eastern bank of the chasm. Beyond, the mesa fell away, dropping at last to the steaming jungles of the lowlands.

Yes, Baronga was impregnable!

It required five weeks to get the mining machinery into the valley, by pack train, and three more to set it up at the newly opened mine. Eric imported labor from the islands of Cebu and Negros; nobody on Mindanao would venture near the valley.

They pitched camp near the diggings and watched the fledgling mine blossom into a modern gold-producer. At night, the

natives, camped a hundred yards downstream, sang songs and played weird instruments and chanted insensible rituals to keep the devil-devils away. It was all very peaceful.

Work started in the mine at last, and the valley reverberated with the pant of the steam engine and the clatter of the stamp mill. The natives sang as they toiled.

The mine shaft penetrated the east rise of the valley. On the fifth night of operation, a huge boulder fell from the top of the cliff directly into a gang of workmen engaged in emptying the stamp mill. Three of them were crushed to death, several injured. The other natives gathered in groups and whispered that the devil-devil of Baronga was angry.

"Probably loosened by the



vibration of the engine," Lee deduced. "Too bad."

The next night, a little past midnight, Eric heard a rumbling roar just as he stepped out of the mine. He shouted a warning to the natives to run, then ducked back into the drift. He was just in time. A mighty avalanche of dirt and rocks plunged down the perpendicular walls, covering everything within a radius of ten yards.

Two hours later, Lee dug through the debris and grinned at Eric. "Comin' through the rye, old son!" he chuckled. "Some slide, huh? Not hurt, are you?"

"No," said Eric, wiping some of the thick dust off his face. "Of course, I could've bored on through the mountain. Listen, Jennifer, there's something queer



about all this. Both times stuff fell right on the mine. There have been no slides elsewhere."

"Just what I was thinking, Eric."

They walked over the heaps of rubbish and entered their tent. The natives were gradually regaining some of their composure and returning to their tasks, while a gang cleared away the debris.

"I'd be willing to gamble," said Eric, "that old Niko is at the bottom of this."

Lee nodded. "But how in blazes could anyone cross that chasm to get up there above us?"

"I don't know. And the chaps guarding the entrance of the valley haven't seen a soul."

It was a poser, all right.

And terror struck again that night. About ten o'clock a scream brought Eric and Jennifer out of their tent on the run. (In the bright moonlight, and the floodlight on the stamp mill, they saw a native groveling on the ground, a long spear sticking out of his back.) The poor chap was dead when they reached his side; the spear had gone clear through him, and into the hard ground. As they carried him to the stream, a veritable shower of spears whistled from aloft. Two of them found targets in workmen, and their screams of death drowned out the thuds as a score of steel-shod weapons sank into the ground, or glanced off the machinery.

Lee swore softly. "Eric, we've got to stop this somehow, or we're licked!"

Eric said, "I've got an idea, Jennifer. Early in the morning I'll stake out at the foot of the hills below the mesa. They certainly don't stay up there all the time. I'll follow them up the slope and see how they manage to cross the chasm. Throw a scare into 'em."

So it was decided. That night, several of the laborers deserted. This, the white men reasoned, would cause suspicion and trouble. So, two hours before dawn, Eric talked to the other natives,

promising that there would be no further trouble from the devil-devil. He would slay him this very day!

Then he set off for the valley entrance. He covered the five miles to the foot of the mesa in less than an hour, and had just hidden in some bushes when he heard a group of men approaching. In the half light, he could see that they carried bundles. They passed him, and he fell in behind them, at a safe distance.

At the top of the mesa, near the edge of the chasm, the men halted. Eric had to remain several hundred yards in the rear as there was no protection between him



and the row of banyans at the chasm's edge. He watched those squat natives put down their burdens, then several of them climbed the trees, carrying coils of rattan rope. Carefully making his way around the northern edge of the mesa, Eric was able to see part of the deep gorge. Those natives in the trees were casting their ropes across the chasm, somehow hooking them to the scrub trees on the valley side.

Then he witnessed an astonishing thing: three of the little brown men stepped out on the taut ropes and nimbly skipped across the awful depths, balancing themselves with spears, much as a tight-rope walker does. One slip and—Eric felt his stomach weaken.

They made the other side, and now he saw them securely fasten the other ends of the rope highways they had made. They skipped back presently; then four of them picked up bundles and started across. What was in those bundles?

Eric drew his pistol and fired twice. Two of the rope-walkers dropped their bundles, hesitated, then fled across the ropes. The next instant there was a terrific explosion from the bottom of the chasm.

"Dynamite!" gasped Eric. "So that's Niko's little plot! If I hadn't queried it, our mine and everybody down there would have been blown to bits. The fiend!"

Eric rose and began running across the mesa, firing as he ran. The natives scattered and bounded away toward the east, yelling like demons. Niko, who had remained in hiding during this interval, now jumped up and scampered after the brown men. When Eric reached the rope bridges, the mesa was deserted.

That was the beginning of the end of the reign of terror for Eric and Jennifer. That afternoon he went to the village of Banos and phoned the police.

It was two days later that the native constabulary rounded up Niko Haran and a score of his henchmen, and took them off to jail. They were good for a long time in prison.

"Well," said Jennifer Lee one evening after a particularly successful day, "I guess we're well rid of Niko and the Baronga Valley devil-devil, thanks to you, old horse!"

Eric smiled. There was peaceful activity about the mine. The natives went about their tasks singing old war chants.

ANOTHER ERIC VALE MYSTERY  
**WORLD OF ICE**  
IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF  
**CRASH COMICS**  
ON SALE SEPTEMBER 17<sup>TH</sup>





INTO THE JUNGLE WENT NEVILLE RANGLER TO STUDY THE LIFE OF THE MAN-EATING SAVAGE.



WHILE TO SHANKY CAFES WENT AL KINSER WHERE HE WHEN HE WOULD MEET THE MOST CIVILIZED PEOPLE.



BUT RAVAGE FOUND NATIVES IN FAR DISTANT PLACES, WITH LOVE AND SMILES ON THEIR FACES.



WHILE AT ALL THE SOCIETY DINNERS AND LUNCHEONS, POOR WEEPLE KEPT DUCKING PUNCHES.



BRADSHAW, YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID, NO ALLOWANCE UNTIL YOU WASH THE CAR!



LET'S SEE, THREE BUCKS FOR DANCE TICKETS, A BUCK AND A HALF FOR A WHITE SHIRT, FIFTY CENTS FOR GARDENIAS FOR LUCY.



YOU HOO, BRAD, I'VE GOT THE PRETTIEST DRESS FOR THE DANCE!

SEE, LUCY, THAT'S KEEN, I'LL CALL FOR YOU AT EIGHT!



NOW ABOUT MY ALLOWANCE, DAD?

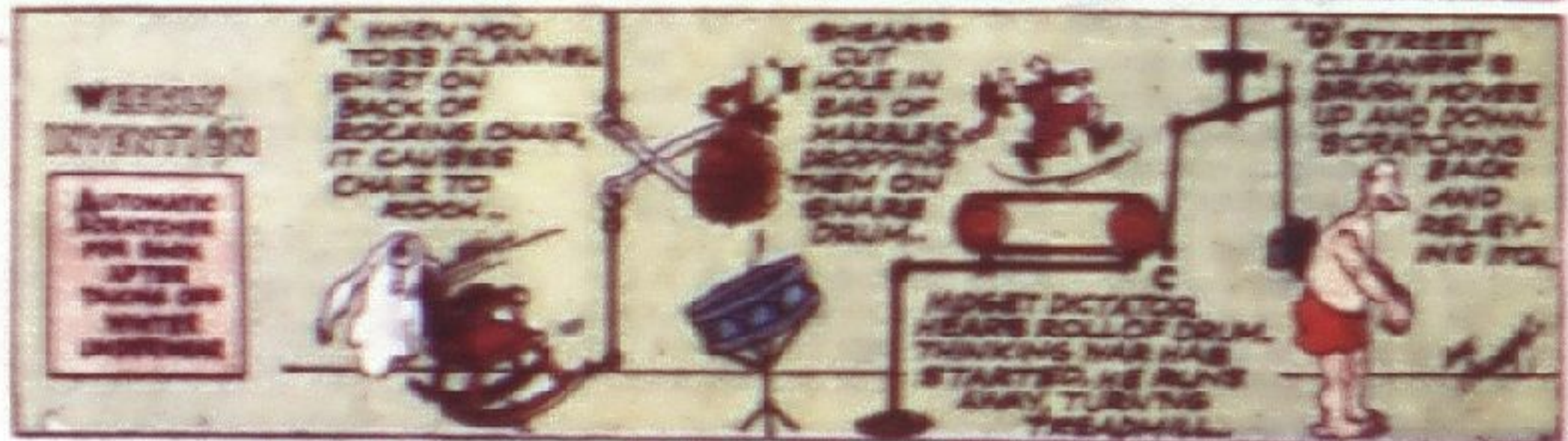
WAIT TILL I LOOK INSIDE!



OH MY GOSH, I FORGOT TO CLOSE THE WINDOWS!



HELLO, LUCY, I CAN'T GO, UNFORESEEN FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES, EXPLAIN TOMORROW!



WEEPLEY INVENTS 800

AUTOMATIC SCRATCHES FOR BACK AFTER TAKING OFF WHITE UNDERWEAR

A WHEN YOU TOSSE FLANNEL SHIRT ON BACK OF ROCKING CHAIR, IT CAUSES CHAIR TO ROCK.

B SHEARS CUT HOLE IN BAG OF MARSHMALLOW DROPPING THEM ON SNARE DRUM.

C HIGGET DICTATOR HEARS ROLL OF DRUM, THINKING WAR HAS STARTED, HE RUNS AWAY, TURNING TREADMILL.

D STREET CLEANER'S BRUSH MOVES UP AND DOWN, SCRATCHING BACK AND RELIEVING ITCH.

Enjoy Rube Goldberg's Side Show each month in CRACK COMICS.



# SNAPPY



OH GEE, I'M TIRED—



—BUT I CAN'T BE LIKE THAT—NOT WITH THE BIG DATE I'M HAVING TONITE!



SNAP—BE A PAL AND GET MY GOLD CREAM JAR FROM UPSTAIRS WILL YOU?

SURE!



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE FRESHENING UP YOUR MAKEUP TO GIVE YOU A NEW OUTLOOK ON LIFE!

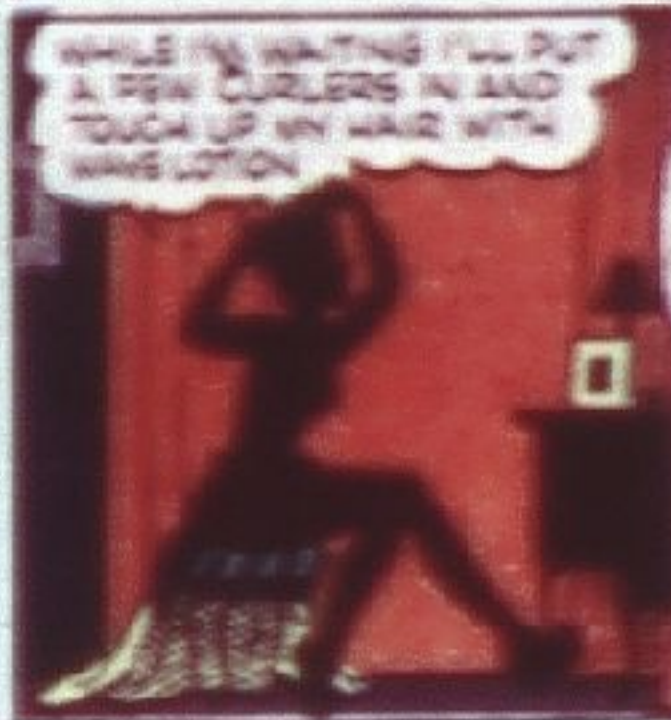
I CAN'T FIND IT!



NEVER MIND, DEAR! I FOUND SOME DOWN HERE THAT I CAN USE TO REMOVE THIS POWDER AND ROUGE WITH



MY LIPSTICK, MAKEUP AND EYE SHADOW IS OFF, SO NOW I'LL APPLY THIS NEW BEAUTY CREAM FOR A FEW MINUTES



WHILE I'M WAITING I'LL PUT A FEW CURLERS IN AND TOUCH UP MY HAIR WITH WAVE LOTION



I WONDER IF MY THINGS ARE DRY THAT I LEFT OUT ON THE LINE?



HEY—WHAT'S THAT GOOPY-LOOKIN' DAME DOING IN OUR BACK YARD?



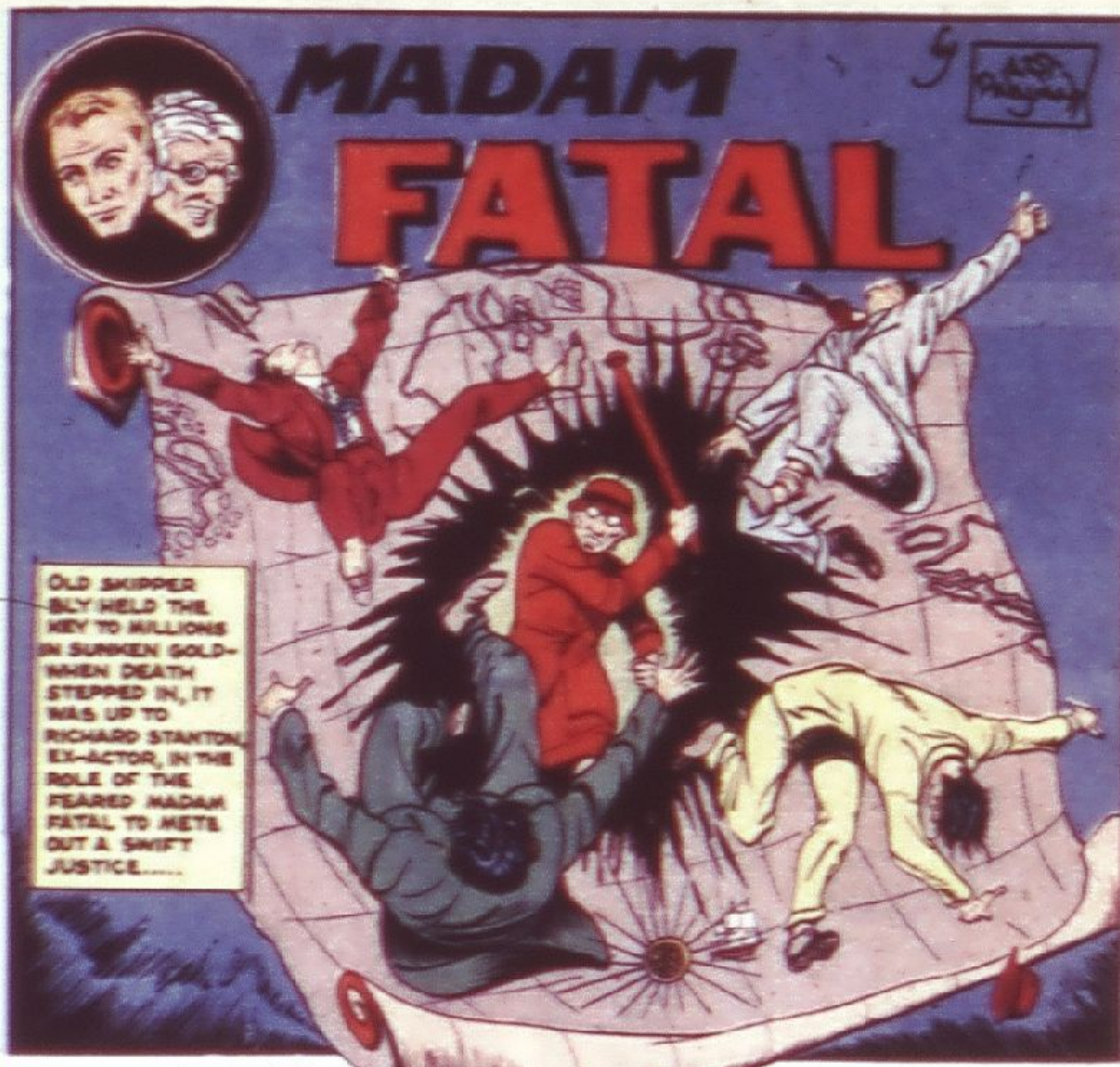
YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE, LADY! SCRAM—BEFORE I CALL MY SISTER!!

WHAT?



SUCH A SAP! DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HIS OWN FAMILY!!





# MADAM FATAL

OLD SKIPPER BLY HELD THE KEY TO MILLIONS IN SUNKEN GOLD—WHEN DEATH STEPPED IN, IT WAS UP TO RICHARD STANTON, EX-ACTOR, IN THE ROLE OF THE FEARED MADAM FATAL TO METE OUT A SWIFT JUSTICE.....

IT IS LATE AT NIGHT WHEN A VISITOR CALLS ON RICHARD STANTON.....



HELLO SON—HOW BE YE ??

Skipper Bly! Well—come in!



I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE THAT CRUISE YEARS AGO—BUT IT'S SO LATE NOW... WHY—??

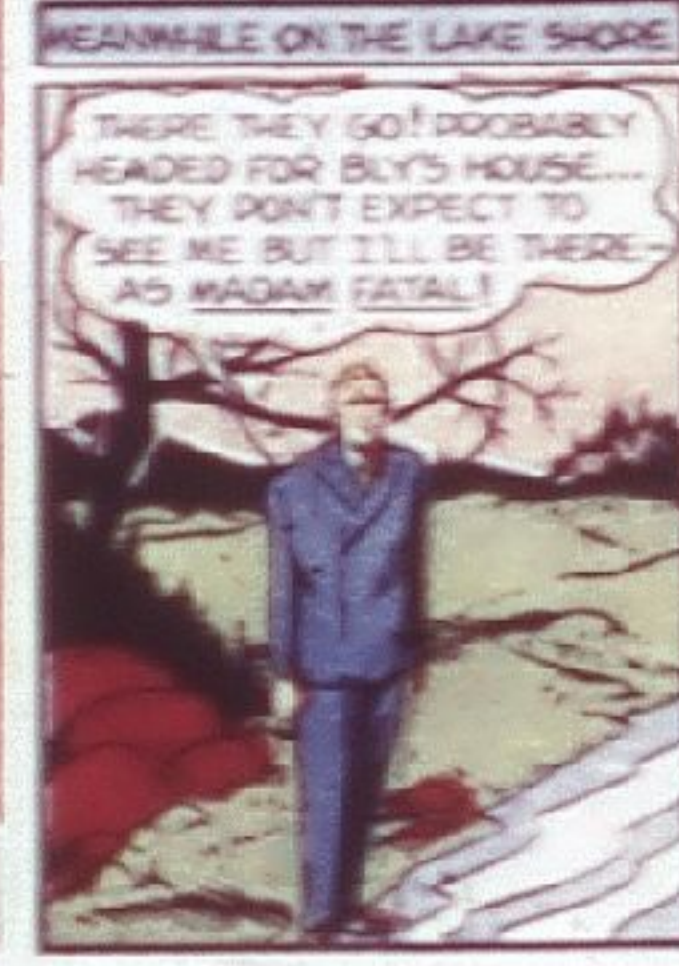
SH-H! YOU MUST HELP ME... THE JACKALS AFTER ME—HIS MEN HAVE BEEN WATCHIN' MY HOUSE FOR DAYS!



THE JACKAL? BUT WHY...

THEY'RE AFTER MY MAP SHOWIN' WHERE THERE'S A MILLION IN SUNKEN GOLD!! BUT THEY'LL NOT GET IT—TOMORROW I'M SELLING IT TO RALTON FORBES, THE PROMOTOR!







NEXT DAY—A STRANGE FIGURE CLIMBS THE STAIRS OF SKIPPER BLY'S LODGINGS...



WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE'S UP THERE!

GREAT SCOTT! IT'S PROFESSOR TRUMBULL WHO HAS INVENTED A METHOD OF SALVAGING SUNKEN SHIPS AT GREAT DEPTHS—SO HE'S AFTER THE MAP... THEN HE MUST BE THE JACKAL!



SUDDENLY THE WHITE-HAIRED MAN TURNS AND LEAPS AT MADAM FATAL



GO AWAY! IT'S MINE!

THEN THE JACKAL'S MEN RUSH IN.



WE'RE COMING BOSS! GRAB THE OLD LADY, BOYS!

DON'T BOTHER COMING UP, BOYS! HERE WE IS—



TAKE THAT, GRANDMA!

THE ASTONISHED THUGS GAPE AT THE BROKEN MIRROR....



SUDDENLY A VOICE SPEAKS...



I'LL TAKE THE MAP, MADAM! BLY WANTED FIFTY GRAND FOR IT BUT NOW IT'S MINE FOR NOTHING!

IT'S PAXTON FORBES! BLY SPOKE OF SELLING HIM THE MAP... I'LL PLAY HIS GAME FOR AWHILE!

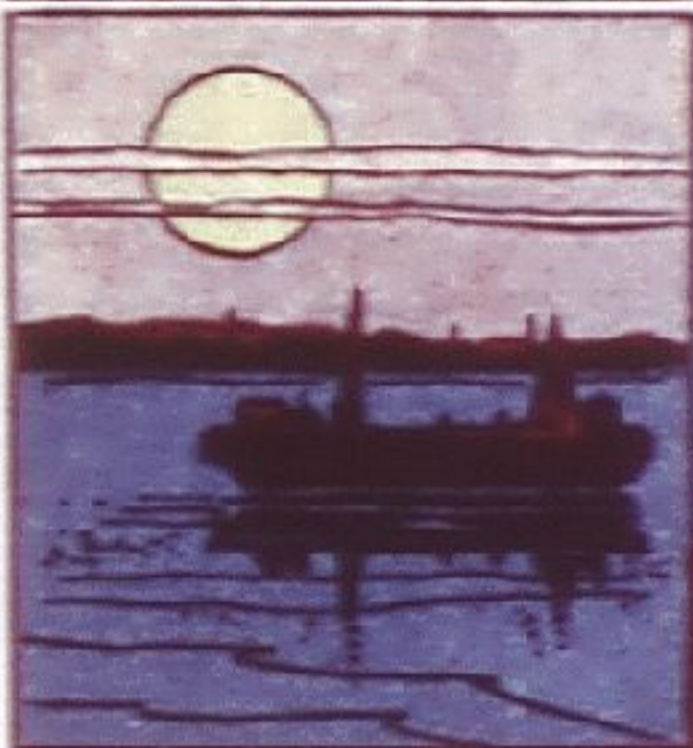
SO YOU AND YOUR MEN KILLED BLY, EH TRUMBULL? WITH YOUR MODERN EQUIPMENT WE'RE GOING TO LOOK FOR THE TREASURE—AFTER THAT THIS LADY AND I ARE TURNING YOU OVER TO THE POLICE!



SUITS ME FINE!



THAT NIGHT, A DUSKY MOON SHINES DOWN AS TRUMBULL'S BARGE BEGINS OPERATIONS TO SALVAGE THE SUNKEN FRIGATE "CORSAIR...."



IN THE MAIN CABIN

WELL, MADAM FATAL, YOU WERE GRAND IN HELPING ME FIND THE MAP AND NABbing TRUMBULL!!

THANKS FORBES—GUESS I'LL GO BELOW AND LOOK AROUND!



BELOW DECK

WONDER WHAT THAT FELLOW'S DOING DOWN HERE—LOOKS LIKE HE'S GUARDING SOMETHING!

MOVE ALONG LADY... THERE'S NOTHIN' HERE!



HIDING THE FALLEN THUG MADAM FATAL THEN OPENS THE METAL DOOR....



GREAT SCOTT! THERE'S A MAN IN HERE... BOUND AND GAGGED!



PROFESSOR TRUMBULL! WHY I JUST SAW YOU UP ON DECK A MINUTE AGO—WAIT! YOU'RE THE--

YES! THE REAL TRUMBULL—I'VE BEEN DOWN HERE FOR WEEKS. IT'S ALL FORBES'S SKULLDUGGERY!



FOR WEEKS HE HOUNDED BLY INTO THINKING A CROOK CALLED THE JACKAL WAS AFTER THE MAP—HIS PLAN WAS TO MAKE PEOPLE THINK I WAS THE JACKAL AND THEN TURN ME OVER TO THE POLICE AS BLY'S KILLER, AFTER HE GOT THE TREASURE

SO, THAT TRUMBULL I MET AT BLY'S HOUSE TODAY WAS ONE OF HIS OWN MEN—HE'S UP ON DECK THIS MINUTE!!

YES! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?



A FEW MINUTES LATER TWO FIGURES EMERGE FROM BELOW DECK....

LOOK! THERE'S THE FAKE NOW, PROFESSOR—LET'S GO!





AS THE BOGUS TRUMBULL  
MATCHES OPERATIONS,.....



OKAY PROFESSOR! HE'S  
BOUND AND GAGGED—YOU CAN  
TAKE HIS PLACE... I'VE GOT  
TO TAKE CARE OF DAXTON  
FORBES, THE REAL  
JACKAL!



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARGE

IT WON'T  
BE LONG  
NOW  
MADAM  
FATAL!

B-BOSS! TRUMBULL  
ESCAPED! WE  
FOUND MIKE  
UNCONSCIOUS  
BELOW DECK  
AND THE PRISON  
DOOR WIDE OPEN!



THIS IS YOUR DOING!  
YOU WENT BELOW  
DECK AND FREED  
TRUMBULL—  
GRAB HER,  
MEN!!



GRAB  
WHO?



AS THE FIERY MADAM FATAL  
BRINGS TERROR INTO THE THUGS'  
HEARTS, DAXTON FORBES ACTS



BUT SUDDENLY...



HERE'S A  
RIDDLE, PROF—  
WHAT'S THE  
DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN  
A JACKAL,  
DAXTON  
FORBES  
AND A RAT!

HMM—NOD  
I DON'T  
KNOW THE  
DIFFERENCE  
OR IS  
THAT  
THE  
ANSWER!



Follow Madam Fatal in the November issue of CRACK COMICS.



# OFF THE RECORD BY ED REED.

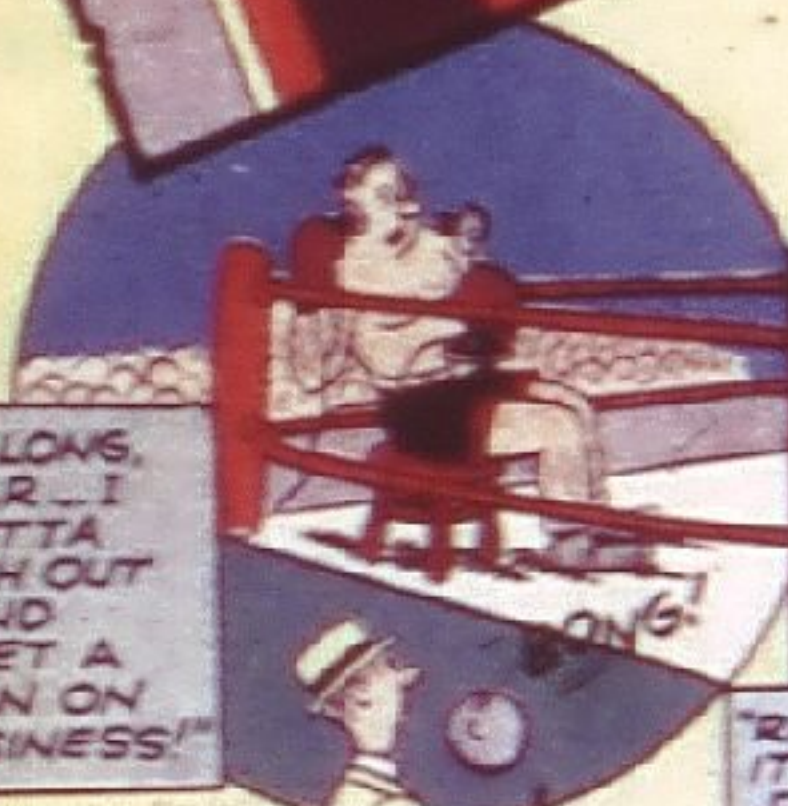
"IT'S A WOUND STRIKE... I CAUGHT MY FINGER IN THE DOOR!"



"I'M PUTTING SOAP IN HIS WATER... HE SAID A NAUGHTY WORD!"



"SO LONG, DEAR... I GOTTA RUSH OUT AND MEET A MAN ON BUSINESS!"



**CUSTOMS**

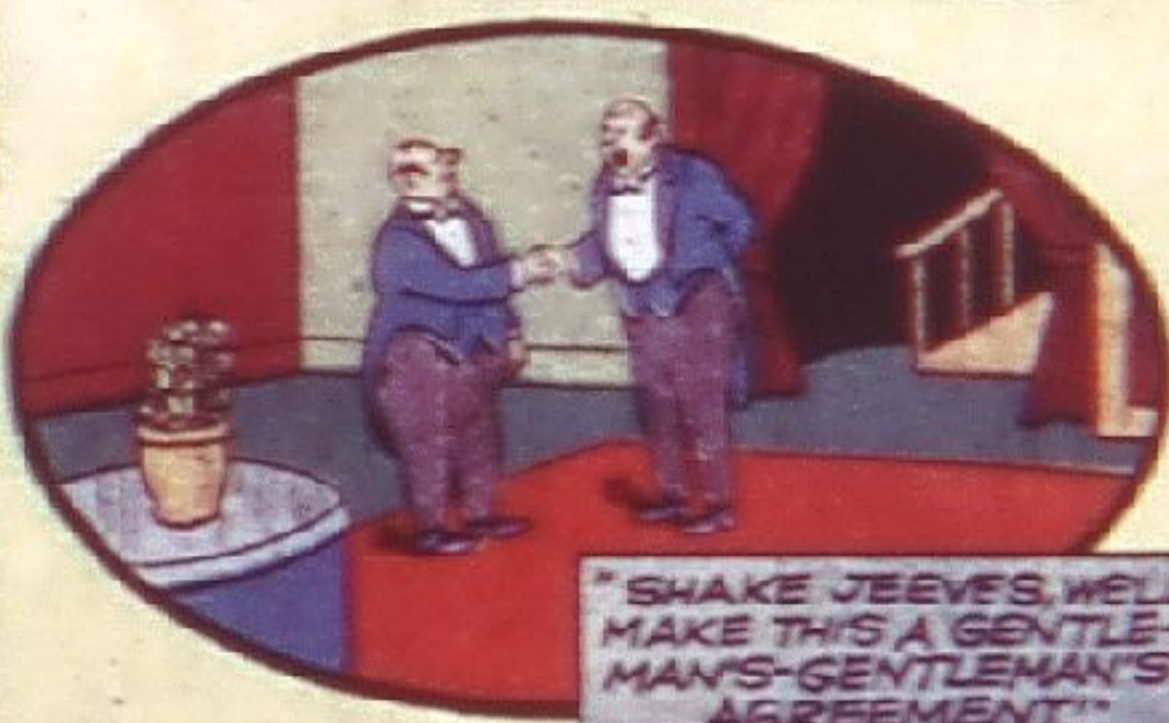
"REMEMBER, IT'S FIFTY-FIFTY IF YOU FIND ANYTHING!"



"HE CAN'T TRUST ME TO LOOK AT THIS SUIT OUTSIDE!"



"SHAKE JEEVES, WE'LL MAKE THIS A GENTLEMAN'S-GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT!"





# The CLOCK

THE CLOCK IS THE MORTAL ENEMY OF THOSE WHO MOVE IN CRIME'S SHADOWS. AND HE IS REALLY BRIAN O'BRIEN, HANDSOME MAN-ABOUT-TOWN. HIS ABLE ASSISTANT, PUG BRADY IS HIS PERFECT "DOUBLE".



THE DAILY STAR

## KILLER KALE DIES TONIGHT.

AT MIDNIGHT, TONIGHT, KALE WILL PAY THE SUPREME PENALTY FOR KILLING OFFICER O'DOLE.

AND AT 11:55 PM, HE TRAVELS THE LAST MILE---



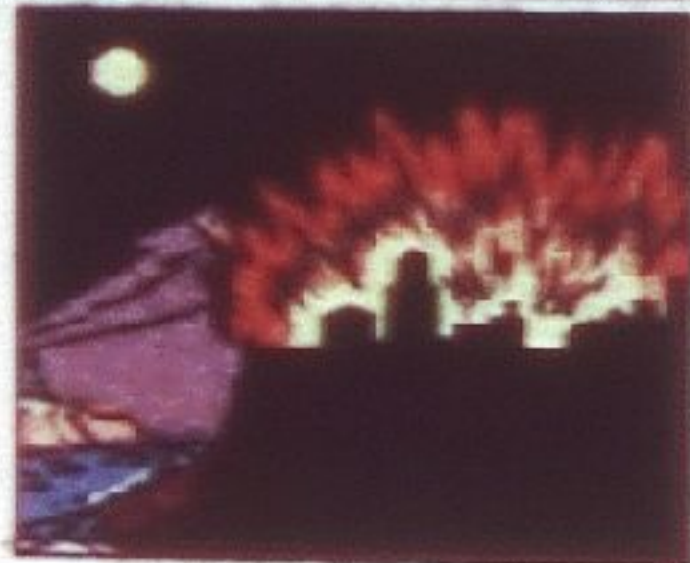
SUDDENLY HE SHOUTS IN DEFIANCE--

IF YA THINK A FEW SPARKS CAN SNUFF TH' LIFE OUTA ME, YER CRAZY--I'LL BE BACK--I'LL BE BACK!!



THE CLOSING OF THE LITTLE GREEN DOOR SHUTS OUT THE HIGH-PITCHED VOICE OF THE SCREAMING KILLER--

AT MIDNIGHT, THE LIGHTS IN THE TOWN OF WESTMOOR DIM SLOWLY AND---



AT 12:04 THE PRISON DOCTOR SDEAKS---

I PRONOUNCE THIS MAN DEAD!





AND THE BODY OF KALE IS  
PUSHED TO THE MORGUE FOR  
AN AUTOPSY---



THE NEXT MORNING--

### KALE'S BODY BURNED IN AUTO ACCIDENT.

THE MORGUE WAGON  
CARRYING KILLER KALE  
COLLIDED WITH A  
TRUCK IN A HEAD-ON  
COLLISION EARLY THIS  
MORNING. THE TWO  
CARS BURST INTO  
FLAME AND THE  
BODY OF KALE WAS  
BURNED BEYOND  
RECOGNITION.

AND THAT NIGHT---

OVEN,  
CRACK IN  
BODY OUT  
HERE!



A FEW HOURS LATER IT IS  
DISCOVERED BY A DASSER-BY-

MEANWHILE, THE CLOCK DISCUSSES  
THE KALE ACCIDENT WITH HIS  
ABLE ASSISTANT, PUG-



WHE'S DEAD-  
I MUST H-NOTIFY  
TH' D-POLICE!



THE BODY FOUND ON  
COUNTY ROAD TODAY HAS  
BEEN IDENTIFIED AS  
DOCTOR JENNIG,  
PROMINENT SCIENTIST-

YOU HEAR  
ANYTHING  
NEW ON  
THE KALE  
STORY  
BOSS?

NO, BUT  
TURN ON  
THE RADIO-

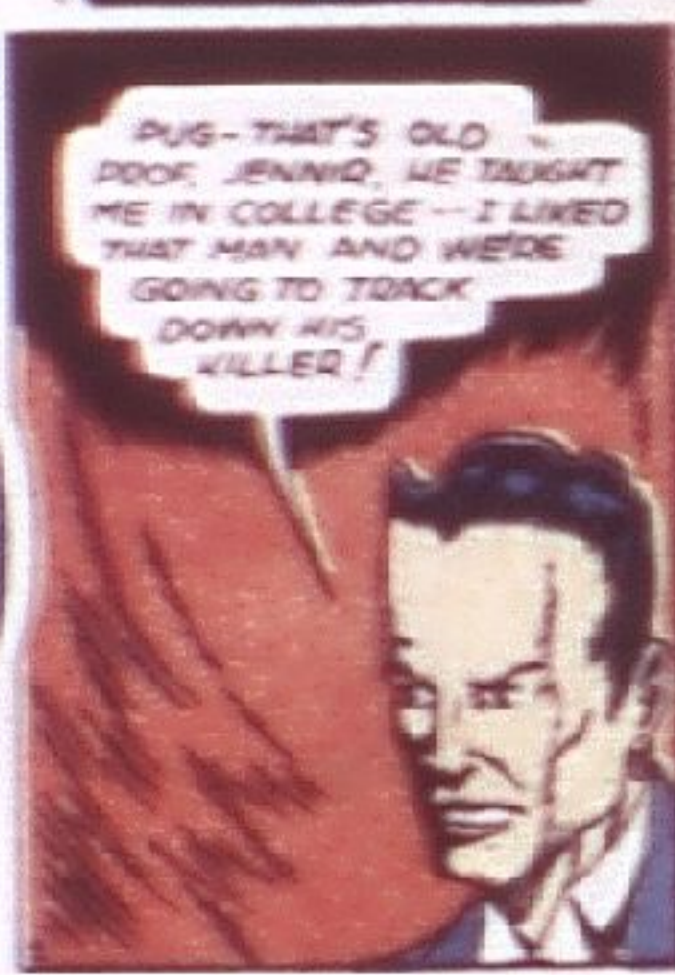


-THERE MAY  
BE SOME FURTHER  
NEWS ON  
IT!

SHUT-  
LISTEN!



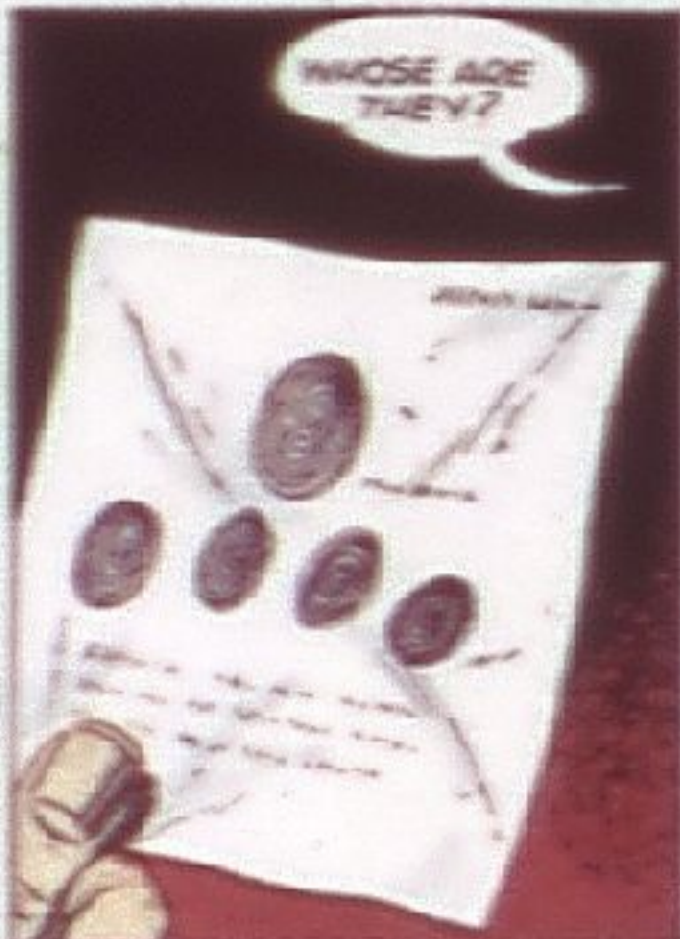
PUG- THAT'S OLD  
DOOF, JENNIG, HE TAUGHT  
ME IN COLLEGE -- I LIKED  
THAT MAN AND WE'RE  
GOING TO TRACK  
DOWN HIS  
KILLER!







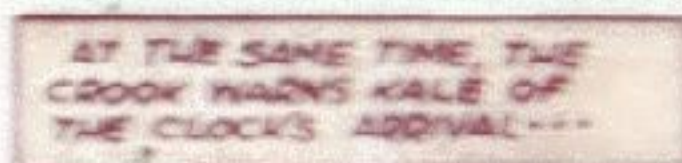
AFTER A LONG SEARCH, THE CLOCK IS FINALLY REWARDED—







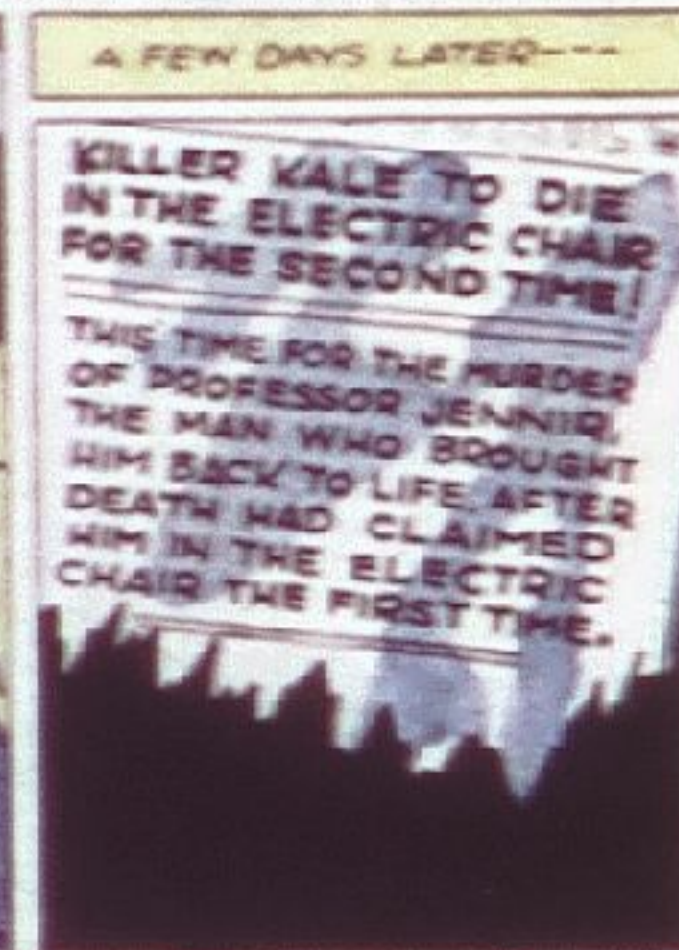














LISTEN FOR ORPHAN ANNIE'S RADIO ADVENTURES EARLY NEXT FALL!

# Orphan Annie says—"BOYS and GIRLS!"— TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE SWELL GIFTS FREE

WITH SPARKIES  
GUARANTEE SEALS™!

... BUT HURRY!

THIS OFFER IS GOOD FOR  
A LIMITED TIME ONLY!

IT'S THE OFFICIAL  
"WRIGHT PURSUIT"™!

**GIRLS!**  
Get this  
**NURSE  
OUTFIT!**

**FREE**

With  
1 Guarantee  
Seal (or 2 Seals  
and 15c)



## AMAZING FOLDING-WING CATAPULT PLANE

Like a Navy  
Fighter Plane!

New principle plane with unique  
folding wings to give it ex-  
tra height and speed going up!  
Works on catapult principle, like  
a battleship's fighter planes. At  
top of flight, wings snap open,  
plane banks, turns, glides and  
comes in a perfect spot landing!  
Built of hickory/light spruce  
Balsa wood with  
"tilt" device for  
folding wings. It's  
a wonder!



**FREE**

With  
6 Guarantee  
Seals (or 2 Seals  
and 15c)

### FORM A SQUADRON

Let your friends in on this—because  
it's not for sale in stores! These special  
Catapult Planes are just for  
Annie's friends! Form a  
Squadron, play defense  
games, have fun with "en-  
durance flight" contests!



**FREE**

With  
6 Guarantee  
Seals (or 2 Seals  
and 15c)

**HI-SPEEDERS!  
YOU NEED  
AVIATOR  
GOGGLES**

Every quick, active  
fellow and girl  
wants these swell official-shaped  
goggles to protect keen sight when  
bike riding, racing, etc./Unbreakable  
lenses, rimmed with soft plush for  
most comfortable fit. Adjusts to fit  
your head!



AMAZING

**"SILENT  
WHISTLE"**

Like Used for Training Movie Dogs!

Mysterious, startling high-frequency whistle  
can be heard by dogs and cats, but not by  
human beings! Train your dog to respond to  
it—amaze your friends and family! Solid  
brass whistle also allows to blow piercing  
G-Man Whistle and to play ear tones!

**FREE**

With  
7 Guarantee  
Seals (or 2 Seals  
and 15c)

**FREE**

With  
6 Guarantee  
Seals (or 2 Seals  
and 15c)



**GIANT**

**NINE-INCH  
PERISCOPE**

Three times as much fun  
as ordinary periscopes be-  
cause it works three ways! Let  
you see around corners without be-  
ing seen—lets you see in back of you  
without turning around—lets you see the  
whole world upside down, crazy as any-  
thing. Don't miss this fun!

## EAT DELICIOUS SPARKIES® AND GET MARVELOUS FREE GIFTS AND HEALTHFUL "Vitamin Rain"™ BESIDES!

ORPHAN ANNIE, BOX 1, DEPT. 35, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I've told my Mother how "Vitamin Rain" adds vitamins B, D and G to swell-tasting Sparkies, so when I eat  
Sparkies with fruit and a glass of milk I get almost half my minimum daily need of vitamins A, B, C, D and G to  
help me be a leader. Now my Mother lets me enjoy Sparkies every day, so I'm sending in the valuable Guarantee  
Seals for the gifts I have marked. I enclose..... Guarantee Seals (or..... Seals and.....c).

- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> CATAPULT PLANE<br>6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)  | <input type="checkbox"/> NURSE CAP<br>5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)            | <input type="checkbox"/> NURSE APRON<br>1 Seal (or 2 Seals and 10c)      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AVIATOR GOGGLES<br>6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) | <input type="checkbox"/> "SILENT" DOG WHISTLE<br>7 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) | <input type="checkbox"/> GIANT PERISCOPE<br>6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) |

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(This Offer Expires October 31, 1941)

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Boy! The Blue Keds I am wearing  
were built for fast starts

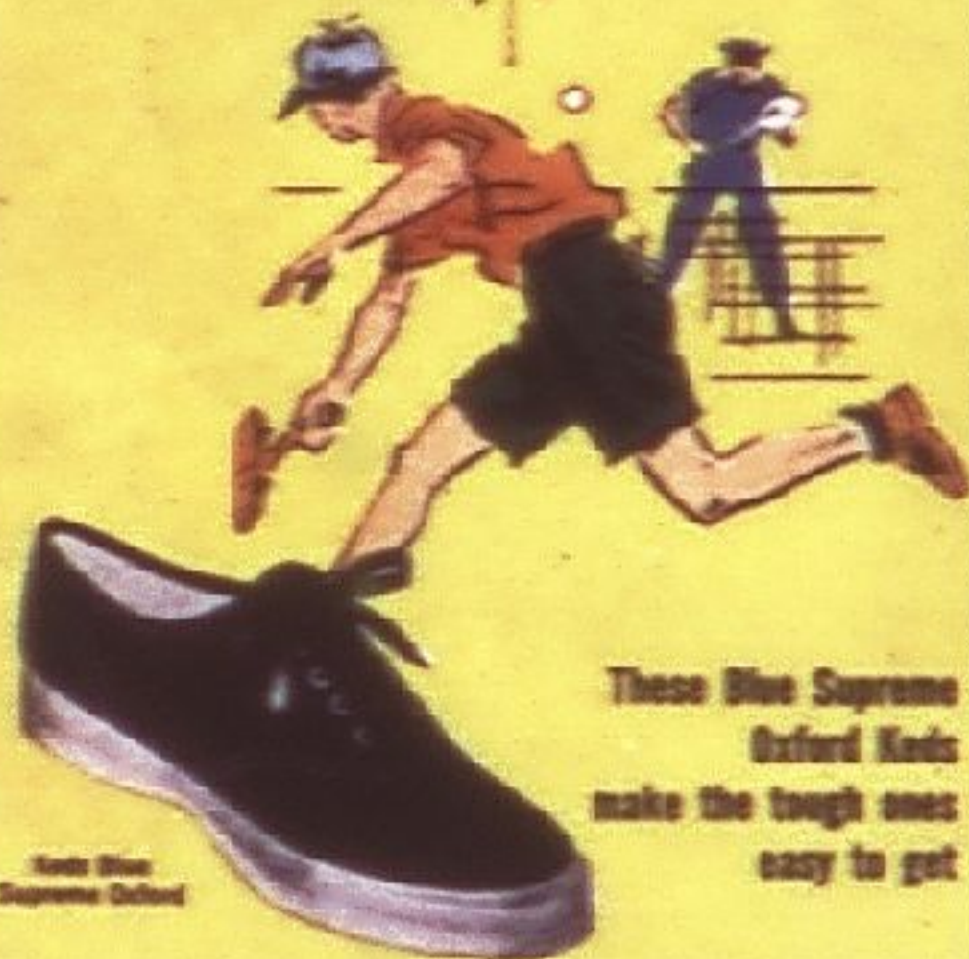


Blue Keds

Missed me by a mile!  
Good footwork is a  
cinch with Stride Keds



Stride Keds

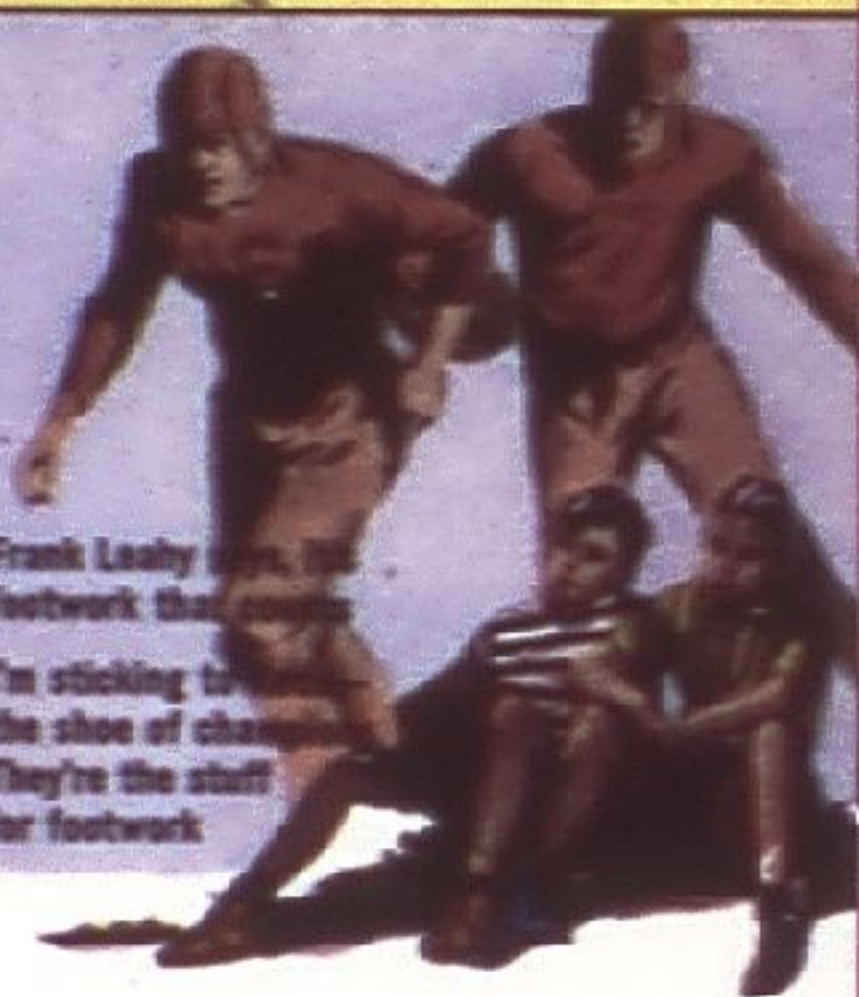


These Blue Supreme  
Oxford Keds  
make the tough ones  
easy to get

Keds Blue  
Supreme Oxford

BOB: Frank Leahy says, "He  
footwork that counts"

NED: I'm sticking to  
the shoe of champions  
They're the stuff  
for footwork



*Footwork  
makes the Athlete  
Frank Leahy*



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*The Shoe of Champions*

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